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THE
VILLAGE BARD.

BY

JOHN JUBB,

Batley.

HALIFAX:
WILLIAM NICHOLSON, PRINTER, CHEAPSIDE.

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PREFACE.

GENTLE READER,

When the Author first wrote the several Pieces which compose this Volume, he had not the remotest idea that they would ever come before the Public in the form which they have now assumed. It is at the solicitation of several valued friends, whose opinions he highly esteems, that they are now published.

The circumstances under which they have been written were varied, as some of the pieces will sufficiently indicate; some were written to guile away the tedium attendant on mental gloom and despondency, and in order to divert the mind from brooding too much on its own infirmities, and raise it to higher and nobler objects. Other portions have been written at the request of friends, (more particularly the Hymns for Sunday School Anniversaries,) and other parts have been written for the Author's gratification and

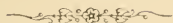
amusement, while all have been produced amid a pressure of business, both private and public.

The compositions make no pretensions to any high degree of merit ; they are not intended to pass for more than they are worth, but, like the current coin of the realm, only for their real value, however small that may be ; and if the general reader is by their perusal at all gratified, or, what is of much more importance, if he is instructed and benefitted, being made wiser and better by the contents of this Book, then, in that case, the Author will be most amply repaid.

As the subjects treated upon have all a moral, and, in many cases, a religious tendency, the Author has deemed it but right to dedicate his work to the Teachers and Scholars of the Sunday School so frequently mentioned at the head of the Hymns, and to the "Members of the Mechanics' Institute and Literary Society," jointly, for the reasons, that he is one of the Superintendants of the former, and, for the time being, President of the latter Institution, therefore the Author considers that these two excellent Institutions have the first claim upon him in this respect.

Batley, June 1, 1854

The Village Bard.



Heaven.

EYE hath not seen the place,
Ear hath not heard the sound,
Nor heart conceiv'd the joys
Which do in Heaven abound ;
For those who have obtained its rest,
For those who dwell among the blest.

But pleasures ever new
They evermore shall know,
As from the eternal spring
They do unceasing flow :
Joys that shall never die away,
Through the long run of endless day.

The Lamb that once was slain
For sinners here below,
Shall lead to pastures green,
Where living waters flow ;
There they do drink and thirst no more,
Who once have gain'd fair Canaan's shore.

Amid the city walls
 The tree of life does stand,
 'Tis laden with rich fruit
 For all the happy band :
 Who of this heavenly manna feed,
 Are from all want for ever freed.

O may we join the throng,
 The happy throng above,
 Who bow before the throne,
 And bask in Jesu's love :
 That love which rais'd them to the skies,
 That love which all their bliss supplies.

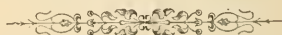


BIRTH, LIFE, DEATH,
 RESURRECTION, ASCENSION, AND INTERCESSION
 OF OUR SAVIOUR.

WHAT glorious news the angels bring
 To man's lost, ruin'd, fallen race ;
 Hark to the anthem that they sing,
 'Tis all of mercy, and of grace.
 This is the burden of their song,
 "Glory to God in heaven above,
 And upon earth, through every tongue,
 Good-will, and peace, and boundless love.
 Fear not, for tidings of great joy
 This day to all mankind we bear,
 In David's city, unto you
 A babe is born, a Saviour there."

Again they sweep the heavenly lyre,
 And hallelujahs fill the air,
 Outpouring from the heavenly choir,
 The music of that blissful sphere.
 Now let us with the shepherds go
 To Bethlehem, and behold our Lord,
 Who did from heaven descend so low,
 To what a stable could afford.
 O may it humble every mind,
 To see such condescending grace ;
 The Sovereign Lord of all mankind
 Does in a manger shroud his face.
 A holy, useful life He led,
 In doing needy creatures good ;
 The sick He heal'd, the hungry fed
 With earthly, and with heavenly food.
 May we this pattern imitate,
 And in His footsteps daily tread,
 Thus manifest to small and great
 That Jesus is indeed our Head.
 To Calvary's Mount we'll turn our eyes,
 And view the Lamb for sinners slain,
 A full, sufficient sacrifice,
 For all the guilt of sinful man.
 O may that precious blood atone
 For this unworthy soul of mine,
 And every soul, not mine alone,
 That all may share the grace divine.
 He rose triumphant from the grave,
 And captive led captivity ;—
 By this we certain hope may have
 That from its power He will us free.
 Before the heavenly throne He stands,

And pleads our cause as 'twere His own ;
 He shows those lacerated hands,
 And pierced side where blood ran down.
 And now the interceding Son
 The Father does delight to hear ;
 On man in mercy God looks down,
 And grants the all-prevailing prayer.
 Lord, grant me grace, while here I stay,
 These bounteous blessings to improve,
 That, when from earth I go my way,
 I may enjoy thy smile above ;
 May join the glorious bloodwash'd throng
 Who worship with ecstastic joy ;
 And ever singing the new song,
 Be my delight and sole employ.



Hymn

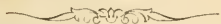
COMPOSED FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE METHODIST
 NEW CONNEXION SUNDAY SCHOOL, AND SUNG
 AT WHITSUNTIDE, 1832.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 Thy aid to us impart ;
 And, with thy all enliv'ning powers,
 Cheer every languid heart
 To tune our Maker's praise,
 And our Preserver's care,
 Who, thro' our thoughtless youthful days,
 Freed us from every snare.

Our great Redeemer's love
 To-day in hymns we sing,
 Who, from His high eternal courts,
 Did us salvation bring.

While here on earth, he said,
 "Let children come to me,
 For all, that of my kingdom are,
 Like them, must spotless be."

O may we join the throng,
 That meet in heaven above ;
 Begin the never-ending song,
 Be lost in endless love.



Written on taking a Walk with Two Friends.

JUNE twenty-fourth in thirty-three,
 Two bosom friends did then agree
 To go into the fields and walk,
 While there enjoy their social talk ;—
 'Mongst other things, of Johnson's fame,
 How he did gain a lasting name ;
 Then next, what various words do mean,
 By either of them seldom seen ;
 Yet still they wish'd to know the more
 Than they had ever done before:
 Nature, I trow, anon they'd try,
 And descant on her pleasantry.
 O that her smiles would lead to God !
 The fount and source of every good ;
 The central point of every bliss ;
 With whom alone perfection is.

Hymn

SUNG AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE METHODIST NEW
 CONNEXION SUNDAY SCHOOL, WHITSUNTIDE,
 1834.

WE hail th' auspicious morn
 That does our songs renew ;
 May all our thankful hearts return
 To God the praise, his due.

While in the spring of youth,
 May we His favour prove ;
 That, guided by unerring truth,
 Our souls may dwell in love.

And, for these friends, O Lord,
 Who with a liberal heart,
 Our cause do aid, we pray thy word
 To them may life impart.

On our instructors shed
 The influence of Thy grace,
 That Jesus, who for all hath bled,
 May have abundant praise.

And when in heaven above,
 Before His throne we fall,
 With joy we'll laud redeeming love,
 And own Him Lord of all.



Hymn

SUNG AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATLEY
SUNDAY SCHOOL, WHITSUNTIDE,
1834.

AGAIN we meet, O Lord ;
Again our voices raise ;
And bring with one accord
A song of grateful praise.
To Thee, the children's Friend and Guide,
Whose every want Thou hast supplied.

Our tribute, then, respect,
While we Thy praises sing ;
Each grateful heart accept,
'Tis all we have to bring :
O deign, Great God, our hearts to take,
And seal them Thine, for Jesu's sake.

O bless our Teachers kind,
Who help to form our youth ;
They strive to lead the mind
Into the paths of truth,
To guide our feet into the way
Which leads to realms of endless day.

To those who with their heart
And hands our cause do aid,
O, Heavenly Parent, grant
They, too, be well repaid ;
That Children, Teachers, Friends may prove.
The blessings of Thy bounteous love.

Hymn.

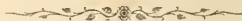
THOU God of earth beneath,
And of the Heavens above ;
Look on us from Thy lofty seat,
In mercy and in love.

Thine eyes are over those
Who Thee alone do fear ;
Thine ears are open to the cry
Of fervent faith and prayer.

We now would seek Thy face,
We would Thy favour prove,
O let us now receive Thy grace,
The grace of pardoning love.

In youth we all have sinn'd,
And Jesu's name would plead ;
For us he died, for us in heaven,
He now doth intercede.

Lord, for the Saviour's sake,
Do Thou the suit approve ;
That we, on earth, may sing thy praise,
As angels do above.



Hicce for a Sunday School.

GREAT God of all, whose sovereign word
Did first this world create,
And still upholds it by Thy power
In unmolested state.

To Thee our praises now we bring,
 Accept the humble lay ;
 And deign, O God, while now we sing,
 Thy glory to display.

Then loud hosannahs we will give
 To Thee through all our days ;
 Nor cease, when in the world above,
 To shout Thy endless praise.

We'll blessing, praise, and power ascribe
 Unto the Triune Three ;
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Through all eternity.



Hymn on "Time Flies."

1835.

ANOTHER year of life is gone,
 Nor ever more will it return :
 'Tis gone, the fleeting hours are past,
 And soon to us will come the last.

The present time is all we have
 Allotted here, our souls to save ;
 Then let us now improve each day,
 And learn to walk in wisdom's way.

Grant that Thy blessed word, O Lord,
 May in our hearts and minds be stored ;
 Thus may our souls be brought to know
 The joys which from religion flow.

Then as our days roll on apace,
 We shall be guided by thy grace ;
 And when the storms of life are o'er
 Be found on Canaan's peaceful shore.



Hymn

SUNG AT THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION SUNDAY
 SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY, WHISUNTIDE,
 1835.

THOU great eternal God,
 Who reign'st in heaven above,
 And sway'st o'er earth abroad
 The sceptre of Thy love ;
 Thee we adore ; and magnify
 Thy goodness and Thy majesty.

So great Thy love to man,
 No angel tongue can tell ;
 Thou gav'st Thy only Son
 To rescue us from hell :
 Yes, Jesus has our ransom paid ;
 For all a full atonement made.

O ! may this love inspire
 Our hearts with love to Thee,
 And may we ever more
 From sin and error flee,
 And choose the way that leads to bliss,
 The path of holiness and peace.

Thus may this heavenly flame
 Be spread the world around,
 Till all Thy love proclaim,
 Till all have mercy found ;
 Then shall the nations of this world
 Become the kingdom of the Lord.



Hymn

COMPOSED IN LONDON, LORD'S DAY MORNING,
 JULY 19TH, 1835.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
 To God thy homage pay,
 And soar beyond these lower skies
 To scenes of brighter day.

This is the day of rest,
 Ordain'd to man below ;
 May I this day by God be blest,
 And in his graces grow.

Cease then, my soul, from care
 Of aught but heav'nly kind ;
 And, ever watching unto prayer,
 Let this employ thy mind.

Then God himself will dwell
 In this inconstant heart,
 Nor shall the powers of earth and hell,
 This happy union part.

Thus, as each sabbath day
 Does in succession move,
 I'll to His temple haste away,
 To praise the God I love.

And when on earth I cease
 To triumph in his grace,
 O may I in the realms of bliss,
 Renew his endless praise.



Lincs

WRITTEN ON SEEING A CHURCH AND ITS STEEPLE
 AT A DISTANCE FROM EACH OTHER, AT WARMSWORTH,
 NEAR DONCASTER,
 1835.

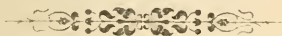
DID you ever hear tell
 Of a church and its bell,
 Being so far from each other before ?
 Should you say that you had,
 I shall think you are mad,
 And ready for Wakefield East-moor.*

The reason, 'tis said,
 When the first stone was laid,
 For building the church in the town,
 When the sun did arise
 To illumine the skies,
 The stones were removed, or had flown !

* Lunatic Asylum.

So as oft as they strove,
 The stones did remove
 To a field about half a mile wide ;
 And though it seem queer,
 Yet a church was built there,
 With the corn waving close on each side.

And now the old bell,
 Does toll very well,
 It bids them all go to their prayers ;
 While if they attend,
 And attention do lend,
 The blessing of heaven is theirs.



Lines

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF A RABBIT HAVING
 BEING KILLED BY A CAT, LORD'S DAY,
 OCT. 4TH, 1835.

Poor Bunny, now thy race is run !
 Thy transient life is fled and gone ;
 Thy fate is fix'd, no hand did give
 Thee aid, that thou might'st longer live.
 The morning came, the sun arose,
 As though it was from sweet repose,
 In eastern skies, where first he strews
 His quick'ning, animating rays ;
 So thou, as heretofore, didst come

From thy retreat, awhile to roam
 Among the grass and flowers at leisure,
 Then to return again at pleasure.
 But ah ! fond hope, 'twas not to be
 So happy and so well with thee ;
 Nor didst thou dream that 'twas decreed,
 That very day thou should'st be dead.
 But thy abode the cat had spied,
 And as her prey she thee had eyed,
 And had firm resolution made,
 That she upon thy flesh would feed.
 At last the watch'd-for moment came,
 She seiz'd thee with a deadly aim !
 Poor thing ! thou could'st not with thy foe
 Contend ; she gave the mortal blow.
 I saw thee gasping for thy breath,
 And I exclaimed, "sure this is death ;
 No more to feed thee shall I care,
 Nor with thy fellows wilt thou share
 Their daily rations as before,
 When all was well in days of yore."
 But thou art gone, thy life is not,
 And soon thou wilt be quite forgot ;
 Yet as I write not for thy sake
 Alone, I now the moral make :
 'Tis this : that thoughtless man may know
 That he himself is mortal too ;
 For Death his fatal shafts doth throw
 At great and small, at high and low,
 And everywhere his victims slays,

Unmindful of their sex, or age,
 Or birth, or parentage, or show ;
 For all to his decree must bow ;
 And very soon the present age
 Will be swept off life's slippery stage,
 That others may their places take,
 And varied boasting figures make,
 And then walk off to make more room
 For those who shall hereafter come :
 And thus 'twill be till the great day,
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 And all before God stand in awe
 To hear the sentence of his law.
 Stern Justice then will loudly call
 For vengeance on all those to fall,
 Who did God's mercy slight, and grieve
 His Son who died that they might live :
 But those who lov'd their God and serv'd,
 Nor to the right nor left have swerv'd ;
 They shall in that dread day be blest,
 For God himself will give them rest
 From all their cares, and grief, and strife,
 And crown them with eternal life.
 Then, O my soul, the warning take,
 And timely preparation make
 Against the awful day, when death
 Shall call thee to resign thy breath ;
 That then, through Jesus Christ thy Lord,
 Thou may'st receive a great reward.

Vines

WRITTEN TO MY FATHER WHEN A VESSEL WAS
EXPECTED TO ARRIVE FROM GERMANY.

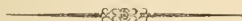
DEAR Father, with me you are anxious to hear
Of the vessel's arrival, and those she does bear,
In the port of old Hull; from all dangers quite free,
Both the tempest and storms of the merciless sea.
But let us with patience await the good news
Which invites us to Hull to unload the Therese ;*
At the same time reflect, that man, like a ship,
Is toss'd to and fro on the waves of the deep :
For life is a sea on which we are cast ;—
But, thanks be to Jesus, we need not be lost.
There are rocks, shoals and whirlpools, to pass, it is true,
But then we have Christ for our Captain, you know ;
Then let us in danger look up to the Lord
Who at all times is ready His aid to afford ;
As for Peter, for us he'll rebuke the strong wind,
And calmness and rest to our joy we shall find.
He will guide us safe into the port of repose,
Where pleasure and plenty, and peace he bestows ;
And when the frail bark is decrippled and torn,
No more to be toss'd, or brave the rude storm,
With joy we shall view the longed-for strand,
And safely arrive at the heavenly land.

* Caroline Theresa.

Epitaph

ON WILLIAM ARMITAGE.

BENEATH this stone the body lies
Of one whose soul is in the skies,
Waiting for those he loved here,
To reign with him in glory there.



Epitaph

ON A CHILD. (B. SENIOR'S.)

SWEET Babe! how transient was thy stay
On earth, like sweetest flowers
Thou bloom'dst awhile, then droopt away
To smile in heavenly bowers.



Hymn

COMPOSED AT WARMSWORTH, NEAR DONCASTER,

JUNE 25TH, 1837.

ANOTHER Sabbath day appears,
How sweet, and blithe, and gay,—
Are all things which my eyes behold,—
They tune a heavenly lay.

The birds in sweet melodious strains,
 Pour forth their matin song,
 While lowing herds and bleating flocks,
 Their Maker's praise prolong.

Does Nature with her varied tongue,
 Speak forth in hearty joy
 A God? shall man alone be dumb,
 Nor greater powers employ?

Ah no, this cannot, must not be!
 These powers his goodness show;
 He gave them, and we in return
 Will yield our God his due.

Then take this poor, unworthy heart,
 O Lord, and make it thine;
 That I may be a living branch
 Of Christ, the living Vine.



LINES

WRITTEN SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 18TH, 1835,
 AND SENT TO MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM BROOKE, AS A
 TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

FAITH is the glass through which we view
 The slaughter'd Lamb on Calvary's tree,
 By which redemption in His blood
 We have, and feel our peace with God.

By this we every moment live,
 And all our blessings do receive
 Through faith, and now the promises
 Are all, yea, and Amen to us.

We bless the Lord for cheering hope ;
 It bears our drooping spirits up ;
 Nor fell despair shall gain its end,
 While we are blest with such a Friend.
 Yes, pleasing hope to man is given
 To raise his mind from earth to heaven :
 It points to those bright scenes above
 Where all is calm, and peace, and love.

My muse I now invoke to bring
 Her aid, while I attempt to sing
 Of Love, the brightest of the three,
 Pure essence of the Deity.
 Christians, can you assist my song ?
 Can love be told by human tongue ?
 Its quick'ning power ye frequent feel,
 And of its goodness often tell ;
 But still you're lost in the profound
 So vast, that finite minds are drown'd ;
 For O the depths of love divine
 Outfathom far our longest line ;
 A sea, without a bottom found,
 Or shore, to guard it all around ;
 Its length exceeds each distant pole,
 Its breadth the same, surrounds the whole ;

Its height I dare not now presume
 To guess, for ah, I'm but a worm.
 Ye glorious hosts that dwell above,
 Can you unfold the secret love?
 Methinks I hear you answer, "No,
 Heaven is all love, this all we know :"
 Nor men, nor angels can explain
 The love of God to fallen man :
 'Tis seen and felt beneath, above,
 And all things say that "God is love."
 So great this love, he gave his Son
 To die for sins which we had done ;
 And now the streams to all are free,
 Ample as earth's immensity :
 Nor shall this blessed passion die,
 But live throughout eternity.
 It shall exist for evermore,
 Long as its author does endure.
 And when strong faith we need no more,
 Nor soothing hope our hearts to cheer ;
 But when the heavenly world we view,
 Then Love shall tune our harps anew,
 And Love shall ever love to tell,
 That Jesus has done all things well.



Hymn

SUNG BY THE CHILDREN OF THE METHODIST NEW
 CONNEXION SUNDAY SCHOOL, AT THEIR
 ANNIVERSARY, WHITSUNTIDE,
 1837.

JESU's love, all love transcending,
 Love which brought him from the sky,
 Love to sinners never ending,
 We will laud and magnify ;
 And in praises,
 Raise our hearts and voices high.

God in Christ was reconciling
 Rebels to his milder sway ;
 And we, now his subjects willing,
 At his feet our homage pay,
 Hoping ever
 That we shall his word obey.

And shall God, the gracious Giver,
 All this good on us bestow ?
 And shall man ne'er feel the pleasure
 Which from love and pity flow ?
 We can never
 Such unkindly feelings know !

Thus, dear friends, on you attending,
 We again implore your aid :
 What you give, to God you're lending,
 And by him shall be repaid ;
 For in heaven
 Is your noblest treasure laid.

Hymn

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

THE happy day when children meet,
 And which they love to see,
 Has dawn'd, and now our friends we greet
 With choicest harmony.

A tribute of respect we bring
 For all our teachers' care,
 Who do on us their gifts bestow
 Through each succeeding year.

With ardent love and zeal they strive
 To teach the heavenly way,
 Where we, with Christ our King, may live,
 Through an eternal day.

And to each kind untiring friend
 Whose bounty we receive,
 Our grateful thanks shall never end,
 While here on earth we live.

Still for their welfare we will pray,
 And God shall bless their store:
 He will reward him, day by day,
 Who careth for the poor.

But to the Lord, who doth bestow
 The blessings of His grace,
 Our warmest gratitude shall flow,
 In artless acts of praise.

Verses

COMPOSED FOR THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION
MISSIONARY TEA PARTY, AT BATLEY, CHRISTMAS DAY,
1838.

ANOTHER Christmas day is here,
And we are spar'd to meet ;
Again to enjoy the social cheer,
And to each other greet.

We thank our God, who still does give
The blessings which we share ;
We thank Him that we still do live,
And prove His guardian care.

But nobler gratitude shall flow
To Him who reigns above,
Who gave His Son, that we might know
The greatness of His love.

Right glad we hail the annual day,
When waken'd memory flings
A radiance round where Jesus lay,
Th' Incarnate King of kings.

'Twas midnight hour, when Nature's voice
Had hush'd her sons to rest,
When all the din of life, and noise,
Was cradled in its nest.

Save faithful shepherds,—only those
 Did tend their flocks by night,
 When suddenly around them rose,
 A strange, but glorious light !

'Twas such when first the cherub said,
 “Fear not !” (in soothing strains,
 For sore amazement and affright,
 Had seiz'd the simple swains.)

“Behold, I do glad tidings bring
 To you and all mankind ;
 This day is born your Saviour—King,
 A Saviour ever kind

In David's city you shall find
 Him in a stable laid ;
 His body wrapp'd in swaddling-clothes,
 A manger for his bed.”

Anon a choir of seraphs sung,
 “Glory to God above,
 And on the earth, thro' every tongue,
 Good-will, and peace, and love.”

No cause of fear, but holy mirth,
 'Twas angels heralding
 The advent of Emanuel's birth,
 A strange, yet glorious thing !

His mission was to seek and save
 Those who were captive gone ;
 He paid the price, redeem'd the slave,
 And own'd him as His Son.

He strove with death and hell as one,
 And gain'd the victory,
 Then took His mediatorial throne
 To plead for you and me.

But to His followers first He gave
 Commission from His hand,
 Which said, "Him who believes I'll save
 In this and every land."

And, in obedience to His will,
 They sped their onward way,
 Relying on the promise still,
 "I am with you always."

And shall not we assist the plan,
 So Godlike and so good ?
 O yes, we'll do whate'er we can,
 To spread His fame abroad.

We'll help to speed the gospel plough,
 Which turns the fallow field,
 Till the good seed luxuriant grow,
 And plenteous harvest yield.

Where sterile barrenness did reign,
 Or weeds but noxious grew ;
 There more than Eden they shall gain,
 Or fam'd Elysian knew.

Then let the messengers of grace
 In every place abound,
 Till every child of Adam's race,
 A man in Christ be found.

So shall one universal song
 From all mankind arise,
 Till the vast chorus of the throng
 Is echo'd from the skies.



To the Old Year,

1843.

ADIEU, Old Year, thy journey's done ;
 The goal thou aim'd'st at, thou hast won ;
 Thy transient stay is quickly o'er,
 And we shall see thy face no more.
 Thou can'st in winter's bitter blast,
 Just in good time to hear the last
 Farewell, which to thy sire was given ;
 Ere he from this vain world was driven.
 Thou, too, art gone I know not where,

And we have gain'd another year,
 But now he's come ; he will not stay,
 He'll haste him to his home away,
 Far in eternal worlds above,
 Where only our conjectures rove.
 But though he's as a shuttle thrown
 By weaver's hand, so quickly gone ;
 Yet he will tarry till we see
 Young Spring come smiling o'er the lea.
 She is a little modest dame,
 Nor dares to blush for very shame ;
 She would on no account be rude ;
 Nor would she for the world intrude ;
 She's coy as pretty maidens are
 When youths would first their graces share ;
 Her lap is fill'd with flow'rets sweet,
 Which she does strew about our feet ;
 She decks earth's carpet everywhere,
 Studded with gems it does appear.
 I'd woo sweet spring the live-long day,
 If, wooing her, she would but stay,
 Nor leave us thus, as said by some,
 To make her sister Summer room.
 Summer's a blithe and buxom maid ;
 She seeks the grove and sylvan shade,
 Nor blames Dan Cupid for the dart
 Which he has fixed in her heart ;
 There, with her lover talks of things,
 Which from fond hearts so ready spring :
 How they with joy will hail the day,

Which hies them to the church away ;
 When John and Mary are made one,
 Their bliss will then be but begun ;
 How they will grace the bridal feast ;
 How they will welcome every guest ;
 And afterward so happy be
 Among their little progeny.
 'Tis pleasant thus to talk the while,
 When all around us wears a smile ;
 When lambkins in the fertile mead
 Do bask in sunshine while they feed ;
 When songsters pour their thousand lays,
 And warble forth their Maker's praise ;
 And streamlets as they murmur long,
 Do guile us with their swan-like song.
 Then let us all be happy here,
 This is the hey-day of the year !
 This is the noontide of the day ;
 Let us be merry while we may !
 But I must leave this pleasing strain,
 And try if I can think again ;
 For I have other things to tell,
 Which may perhaps please you as well ;
 If not I hold it shall not be
 Because your scribe is niggardly :
 The next, she is a generous dame :
 "Autumn ?" yes, that's her bounteous name ;
 She's noble in her very mien,
 And grace in all her steps is seen ;
 While hearts beat high that she is come,

And joyful shout the harvest home :
 She's laden with rich gifts divine,
 With corn and oil, with milk and wine ;
 And ample is her precious store,
 Plenty for all, enough, and more ;
 Vast as the earth's great family,
 And greater than their wants can be :
 She would for all a table spread,
 The staff of life, our daily bread.
 But, ah ! she's robb'd of this, her right,
 By tyrants three,—lust, power, and might !
 Who care not how the others fare,
 How they are fed, if 'tis on air !
 For while they every good enjoy,
 Why should they their great minds employ,
 In caring for their fellow-men,
 Who ever and anon complain ?
 They rather wonder how they dare,
 Insult them with their constant prayer !
 Which they reject with haughty brow,
 Nor love, nor justice will they know.
 But ere kind autumn comes again,
 I hope these tyrants will be slain ;
 And in oblivion buried deep,
 There sleep an everlasting sleep,
 Nor rise again, fair England's foe,
 Her greatest curse, her direst woe.
 But I have nearly done my song,
 I will not therefore keep you long :
 I've of three sisters sung awhile,

And won for them full many a smile,
 But now must leave them to their fate,
 And try again, if not too late,
 To wake my muse, if that may be,
 To tune again her minstrelsy :
 I know she does begin to tire,
 And gladly would lay by her lyre,
 Nor touch it with her lady hand,
 Nor sweep it with her fairy wand.
 She says that winter's not the thing,
 Of which she does delight to sing ;
 That all is cold, and chill, and drear,
 She has no fellow feeling here :
 She says that Winter might not be
 Akin to the same family,
 And that he does no likeness bear
 To any of his sisters there.
 I grant he does not look so gay,
 And that his locks are turning grey ;
 That he is old I do not care,
 For youth with age may not compare ;
 'Tis with the latter wisdom dwells,
 And in experience he excels,
 As does the high meridian sun
 In lustre bright surpass the moon.
 His grasp is cold, I too must own,
 But then he does not wear a frown ;
 He's hale and cheerful, and quite free,
 As old age with its crutch can be.
 I love to hear his fireside chat,

He talks of this, and then of that,
And tells such tales of ghosts and elves,
You'd wonder how they saved themselves
From all the pranks they play'd poor folk ;
You smile ! but, friends, it was no joke
For those whose fate it was to dwell
Beneath their soul-enchanting spell !
Anon he lights his pipe, the while
The weed to smoke, and care beguile ;
Then stirs the fire, while every stroke
The embers crack, he cracks a joke.
I now must bid you all farewell,
In doing so, I wish you well,
And hope you will for days to come,
Be happy in your smiling home :
As to myself, I'm for a trip,
Not in a coach, nor in a ship,
But by the rail, I do declare,
To grace Manchester's great bazaar :
And if my friends have aught to send,
I'll kindly my assistance lend ;
But if you're buyers, then, d'ye see ?
Why, in that case, you may buy me !



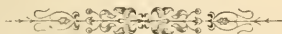
Lines written on Howley Ruins.

FAIR Howley Hall, I love thee well !
 It seems as though some mystic spell
 Enfolded thee within its arms,
 And wrapt thee in sweet fancy's charms :
 Thy page is fill'd with antique lore
 Of hidden things thou hast in store ;
 Of goblins great, and little elves,
 Or faries, as they call themselves.
 Thy rise recurs to ancient date,
 When thou stoodst first amongst the great,
 So noble, so majestic, grand,
 An honour to our native land.
 Thy site was fix'd a hill-top high ;
 Like Babel tow'ring to the sky,
 Thou stood'st secure in all thy pride,
 Sole tenant of the plateau wide.
 Thy walls were from the granite bed,
 And there together they were laid
 On mortar made with liquor strong,
 That they might last for ages long.
 Thy amplitude I may not tell,
 But this one thing I know right well,
 That on thy roof, with many a bound,
 The ball was toss'd as on the ground ;
 For there the rustics many a day,
 Did go, and at the football play :
 And women too, both young and old,

A knitting went, as I am told.
 The spacious old, baronial hall,
 With hearty welcome greeted all,
 Who gather'd round the generous board,
 With choicest viands richly stored ;
 There music's stirring sounds would charm,
 The hearts with joy already warm,
 And dance and song would music grace,
 To fill with mirth the happy place.
 There valiant knight in armour clad
 Would mount with pride his prouder pad,
 Bold chevalier as e'er took field
 With spear or lance, with sword or shield.
 There, too, his lady-love would rove
 Through ample park, or shady grove,
 And there indulge with sweet delight,
 In praises of her gallant knight.
 'Twas such a place, sequester'd glade,
 Where Lady Ann was lifeless laid ;
 While bathing there, as people say,
 A lion seized her for his prey :
 Her corse was made the wild beast's food,
 He ate her flesh, and drank her blood :
 And now the spot is holier ground,
 Where Lady Ann's remains were found.
 Hard by a well which bears her name,
 A lasting tribute to her fame ;
 There youths and maidens often go
 Their sympathetic love to show,
 And mourn her fate, unhappy maid,

Who perish'd in the sylvan shade.
 Palm Sunday is the annual day
 When lads and lasses wend their way
 To this sad spot ; there gather palms,
 As emblems of the fair one's charms :
 Homeward again they do return,
 And water take in can or urn,
 Which they suppose contains a charm
 That will preserve them from all harm.
 Sir John Saville was the man
 Who first devised the noble plan
 Of Howley Hall, that castle great,
 Which was his wide-famed country seat.
 Three times to parliament he went,
 By his constituents fairly sent,
 Where he did represent our shire,
 A patriot true, above all hire,
 Or party factions, which the while
 Do quarrel who shall share the spoil.
 First alderman of Leeds was he,
 As brave a knight as e'er you'd see.
 A subterraneous road, 'tis said,
 From Howley Hall to Leeds he made ;
 The cellars deep, as I am told,
 Contain a chest that's fill'd with gold ;
 And on it sits a clocking hen,
 To keep it from dishonest men.
 But to the worst I now must come,
 This noble mansion met its doom :
 A faithless steward plann'd its fall

That he might better compass all.
 He said the lands did not suffice,
 To furnish Howley with supplies,
 And that the best its lord could do,
 Would be to seal its overthrow.
 Its fate was sealed, and cannon's sound,
 Was heard afar on all sides round ;
 Destruction's work was done too well,
 As all that's left does sadly tell ;
 But though 'tis of its glory shorn,
 And stands in fragments quite forlorn ;
 Still they do brave the bitter blast,
 As they have done for centuries past.



Lines

TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST,

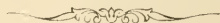
JAN. 24TH. 1842.

COME, little red Robin, I welcome thee here !
 The weather is cold, it is very severe ;
 Thou need'st not to fear, nor yet to look shy ;
 I will not deceive thee, ah no, no, not I !

I love thy whole tribe, as all good people should,
 For the act that ye did to the babes in the wood ;
 When forsaken by wretches, who pity ne'er knew,
 They were not forsaken, but shelter'd, by you.

Those two pretty babes on the cold ground did lie,
 In the closest embraces, and thus they did die;
 But with numberless leaves ye did cover them there,
 And perhaps ye did drop over them a kind tear.

Then come, pretty Robin, thou need'st not to fear,
 Nor even look shy, for I welcome thee here;
 I will feed thee with crumbs, and will then let thee fly,
 I will not deceive thee, ah no, no, not I!

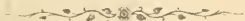


Wedding-Day Anniversary,

MAY 29TH, 1842.

'Tis eleven years this very day
 Since I did lead my bride away
 From Hymen's altar, where was tied,
 The knot which Love itself supplied:
 Since then, what varied scenes we've known,
 As we've together journey'd on
 The road of life, this vale of tears,
 How chequer'd seems this 'leven years!
 Sometimes 'twas darkness all around,
 Nor speck of light could then be found;
 Anon the sun broke forth and shed,
 Its light and glory on our head:
 Sometimes the tempest howl'd above,
 As if our constancy to prove;
 Again we felt like healing balm,
 The whisper "peace," and all was calm.

We've in affliction's furnace been ;
 But, like pure gold, that's brighter seen,
 When through the ordeal it has gone,
 So has our love but brighter shone.
 We've had three pledges of our love,
 But one of them is gone above,
 Where she does live, still her we call,
 And reckon that we're five in all.
 Our path has been with mercies strewn,
 God has His goodness to us shewn ;
 In providence and in His grace,
 He has vouchsafed a smiling face.
 Thus while we trace, as in review,
 The devious way He's led us through,
 We'll praise Him, and for what's to come,
 We'll trust Him till He call us home.



To R. Cobden, Esq. M. P. for Stockport,

1843.

COBDEN, thy name shall live,
 Not in the sculptur'd bust alone,
 Or monumental tablet :
 But it shall live in ev'ry heart,
 Which glows with patriotic fire,
 Not as the warrior who has chas'd the foe.
 And trampled on the gory field,
 But as the champion of humanity,
 And universal good.

Sir R. Peel's Sliding Scale,

1843.

THE sliding scale is all a hoax !

As you shall plainly see ;
It told the farmers they should have
For wheat—say, seventy-three.

The sum was fix'd, at nothing less
The ports should e'er be free ;
They never would let foreign in
At less than seventy-three.

This figure made the farmers smile,
They cheered it merrily !
And vow'd it would their cares beguile,
While fix'd at seventy-three.

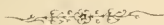
But seventy-three is fled and gone :
And now as certainly
Good wheat is down at forty-six,
That was at seventy-three.

But though the scale has slidden down,
All is not down ; ah, me !
For up an income-tax has grown,
In place of seventy-three.

The bounties of God's Providence
Are ample, good, and free ;

It is not, then, for man to fix
The price at seventy-three.

Away, then, with the sliding scale,
And all its misery ;
Nor ever let us hear again
Of it, or seventy-three.



Lines to the Swallow.

DEC. 1st, 1843.

BIRD of the summer months art thou.
Them only dost thou see ;
Nor aught of winter's bitter blast
Is ever felt by thee.

Thou liv'st in Nature's constant smile,
Nor ever know'st her frown ;
Thou sport'st away the livelong day,
In skimming up and down.

Thou'rt fill'd with pleasure and delight.
And from all sorrow free ;
Thou'rt full of life, and love, and joy,
And perfect liberty.

Ere Autumn's leaves begin to fall,
Or Winter's winds to blow,
Thou bidd'st adieu to this fair isle,
For climes I do not know.

There to enjoy, as here thou'st done,
 The genial and the gay ;
 And still with mirth but re-begun,
 To drive all care away.

O could I live in such a clime,
 From care and sorrow free !
 I'd then be light at heart as thou,
 As full of mirth and glee.

But, ah ! fond hope, 'tis not to be ;
 I must have joy and sorrow ;—
 For if I'm blithe and gay to-day,
 I'm sad again to-morrow.

But soon the welcome guest will come
 To set my spirit free ;
 Then will I soar to yonder skies,
 To full felicity.

The Sabbath.

DEC. 3RD, 1843.

HAIL, happy, happy day,
 With joy I welcome thee !
 For thou, indeed, to me—
 I now may truly say—
 Art blessed most of all the seven,—
 Fair type of the great rest in heaven.

I'll with the lark arise,
 And as he mounts the skies
 To pour his matin lay,
 I too will homage pay,—
 Will to the throne of grace repair,
 And pour out my orisons there.

I to God's house will go,
 And in his temple meet,
 With those who at His feet
 Do worship here below.
 We will our hearts and voices raise,
 And shont aloud our Maker's praise.

His blessed word to hear,
 We then shall be inclined ;
 May it with holy fear,
 Impress each heart and mind ;—
 That we, by His good Spirit led,
 May always in His statutes tread.

Thus with Thy blessing, Lord,
 We shall be strengthen'd here,
 Until we all appear
 Before thee in yon world,
 Where grief and pain for ever cease,—
 The Sabbath of eternal peace.



Parody.

JANUARY 22ND, 1844.

A happy, happy, happy year,
To father, mother, brother dear ;
To sister fair, and lover true,
As sings the poet, I wish you !

A happy, happy, happy year,
To her whose love no time can sear !
And to those gifts of heaven above,
The pledges of conjugal love !

A happy, happy, happy year,
To all my kin both far and near, —
Both old and young, both rich and poor, —
More would I give, if I had more.

A happy, happy, happy year,
To every kind and bosom friend ;
And may that friendship be sincere. —
O may it never have an end !

A happy, happy, happy year,
To every one, with social cheer,
Whose kind acquaintance I have made,
They are in memory's casket laid.

A happy, happy, happy year,
To all that are of British race ;
Whose manly hearts disdain to fear,
In every time, in every place.

A happy, happy, happy year,
 I wish them all—may Heaven it grant—
 For, oh ! it brings the briny tear,
 To think how many starve and want !

A happy, happy, happy year,
 To Cobden, Bright, and kind Villier.
 And Wilson, too,—that noble band,
 Whose truth and zeal our praise command.

A happy, happy, happy year,
 To all our patriots everywhere :
 Kind fate, do thou our cause maintain,
 And grant success this next campaign.*

A happy, happy, happy year,
 I wish to all, and nothing less,
 Where'er God's image doth appear,
 Throughout this world's wide universe.



On Restricted Commerce,

MARCH 8TH, 1844.

'Tis woe to be a slave,
 On Afric's burning strand ;
 'Tis worse than death to be a slave
 In that, and every land !

* Next Parliament.

'Tis woe to be a slave,
 On freedom's boasted shore,
 Where liberty's mock'd, and men are sold
 Like beasts, from door to door.

'Tis woe to be a slave
 In Russia, Poland drear,
 Where serfs are made their lords to serve,
 With servile toil and fear.

'Tis woe to be a slave,
 Or black, or white they be ;
 Beneath the Indian Nabob's lash,
 Or English tyranny

'Tis woe to be a slave
 In this our native isle,
 Where landlords tax the poor man's bread,
 And revel in the spoil !

'Tis woe to be a slave,
 With trade and commerce bound,
 Which should be as the winds that blow,
 Unfetter'd all around.

'Tis woe to be a slave ;
 But now we'll make a stand,
 Till freed industry does become
 The watchword of the land.

Then Albion's noble sons,
 Contented shall be found,
 Then peace and plenty shall be felt,
 And smile on all around.

Corn, versus Cotton.

CORN.

HOLLA! Mr. Spindle, you're looking quite thin!
Is it true, as folks say, that you've been taken in?
And that you are going to alter your state,
For better or worse, if it is not too late?

COTTON.

Why, yes, Mr. Corny, it is true I'm quite thin,
And 'tis equally true that I've been taken in;
I'm narrow'd much more than a dandy would be;—
Why, I'm twitch'd to the very last extremity!

CORN.

Well, what do you want to better your case?
Suppose we should slacken a little the lace;
You would certainly be much easier then,
And I hope we should never more hear you complain.

COTTON.

So you think that to slacken a little the lace,
Would do very well for one in my place!
But I tell you, good sir, we shall cut it some day,
And very soon, too, whate'er you may say.

CORN.

What's that you will do? you must not talk so!
You are not my equal, I'd have you to know!
Nor ever shall be, while I can maintain
Monopoly's rule, and tyranny's reign!

COTTON.

Well, now, as to that, we shall see very soon,
 For I guess that your race is pretty well run ;
 And though you're unwilling to give us our due,
 We'll have it, and not care an oat-straw for you !

CORN.

What nonsense it is to be talking like that ;
 You never shall have it, so now that is flat !
 No, no, we have taken you in over long,
 Than to think for one moment we ever did wrong.

COTTON.

Well, I know 'tis absurd thus to reason with you,
 But the people are getting a different view ;
 So I'll leave it for public opinion to say
 Whether wrong is to rule, or right win the day.

Hymn

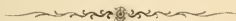
SUNG AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE METHODIST NEW
 CONNEXION SUNDAY SCHOOL AT BATLEY, WHITSUNTIDE,
 1844.

LORD of hosts, Thy name adoring
 For the mercies we have known,
 We would all our hearts be pouring
 Out in praises to Thy throne :
 Oh be gracious,
 And our feeble worship own !

Thou hast crown'd us with thy blessing, .
 All life's devious journey through ;
 And thy kindness never ceasing,
 Has preserv'd us hitherto :
 May this goodness
 Cause our hearts with love to flow.

Thou, O God, hast kindly placed us
 Here on Albion's favour'd shore,
 Where the sounds of gospel gladness
 Greet us at our very door :
 And their echoes,
 Loud resound the island o'er.

Here we need not walk in darkness,
 While we will the truth obey ;
 For God's word, a lamp of brightness,
 Shines upon our moral way,
 And will guide us,
 Safely to the realms of day.



Lines

WRITTEN ON TOM THUMB, A DWARF, 25 INCHES HIGH.

TOM Thumb, he is the smallest man,
 If man at all he be,
 That e'er I set my eyes upon !
 That's quite a certainty,
 To which you'll all agree.

I wonder if he does belong,
 To this our mother Earth!
 Or what he is the offspring of!
 If fairies gave him birth,
 Mid their nocturnal mirth.

Those pigmy elves that spend the night
 Upon the village green,
 And dance and romp till morning light,
 When they no more are seen,
 As though they ne'er had been.

Perhaps they left him here awhile,
 That we his form might see,
 His beauty, and his loveliness,
 And perfect symmetry,
 Which are in unity.

To show us that pure happiness.
 Is not to bulk confin'd;
 For that is gross, and often mars
 The graces of the mind,
 Which here we love to find.

But nought of this can e'er alloy.
 A soul so pure and free;
 'Tis thine to taste unmixed joy;
 Thus may it ever be,
 Sweet Lillyput, with thee.

Written

AUGUST 4TH, 1844.

DEAR Friends, my muse once more I'll try
To wake again her minstrelsy ;
O that she would my soul inspire.
And warm me with poetic fire !
That I might pour, in measures sweet.
Delightful sounds, your ears to greet,
Until your hearts with mine conspire
To swell the music of the lyre.
Sweet poesy ! I love thy charms ;
'Tis thine to still the soul's alarms,
And soothe the mind to peace and love,
Such peace as comes from heav'n above.
I love to see thee in the glade,
Among the groves, and sylvan shade,
While zephyrs fan the morning air,
And waft sweet odours everywhere,
The fragrance of the loveliest flowers,
Refresh'd by nature's mildest showers,
Or sparkling dewdrops, which do shine
Like pearly gems from ocean's mine.
Oh yes ! 'tis pleasant thus to stray
At evening red, or morning gray,
Along the woods' secluded glen,
Far from the haunts of busy men :
No factory smoke ascending there
Clouding the sky which else were clear.

Nor din discordant, for all here
 Is pleasing to the eye and ear ;
 There from all care the mind is free
 To muse on nature's harmony.
 The fields with golden grain are seen,
 And pastures in their richest green ;
 While lowing herds and bleating sheep
 Bedeck the down, or sloping steep ;
 And birds more musical and free,
 Pour forth their choicest melody.
 Enough, I'm ravish'd with delight !
 The cheering sounds, the lovely sight,
 Defy the powers of man to paint,
 In all their beauty and extent.
 Oh how enchanting thus to while
 Away the hours, and grief beguile !
 Which else would swell the aching breast,
 And rob it of its purest rest,
 The calm, serene, unruffled mind,
 Which all who seek aright shall find.
 While thus with Nature I converse,
 And sing her charms in humble verse,
 She leads me from herself to God,
 The fount and source of every good ;
 Says that His workmanship we are,
 But we may not with Him compare,
 For He is wise, and good, and great ;
 And in perfection all complete.
 The heavens above, and earth below,
 Their Maker's praise and glory show.

Here His creative power is known,
 His skill and wisdom, too, are shown :
 But in His word alone, we find
 The full disclosure of His mind ;
 How He from nothing all things made,
 And heaven's eternal arches laid
 With suns and systems in their spheres,
 As in the vault of heaven appears ;
 The silvery moon, the queen of night ;
 And twinkling stars with lustre bright ;
 These all proclaim the mind divine,
 That could such skill and power combine :
 But of the works which He has wrought,
 None are with such great blessings fraught
 As that great work, redemption's plan,
 Devis'd to rescue fallen man :
 'Tis here His wisdom and His power
 Resplendent shine : or to adore
 His justice or His mercy most,
 We are in the solution lost.
 When man was ruin'd by the fall,
 His crime to God for wrath did call ;
 Yet He did not His vengeance take,
 But spared him for his mercy's sake :
 He said,—“ Deliver him ; I've found
 A ransom !” Oh the joyful sound !
 “ The woman's seed on Satan's head,
 Though bruis'd his heel, his foot shall tread ;
 Shall break the deep infernal spell ;
 And rescue fallen man from hell.”

This glorious promise was fulfill'd,
 When sang the heavenly multitude,
 "Glory to God in heaven above,
 And upon earth be peace and love."
 Not hecatombs of bleeding kine,
 With rams and goats, did they combine,
 Could for the sin of man atone ;
 His guilt remains, he's still undone :
 Nor man his brother could redeem,
 No virtue was there found in him
 By which to save a soul from death,
 Did he for it resign his breath ;
 Nor holy angels could achieve
 A work so great that man might live :
 In Jesus Christ, alone we find
 A Saviour suited to mankind ;
 For though his nature was divine,
 In human he did it enshrine,
 That He might a fit offering be,
 Accepted of the Deity.
 Stern Justice now doth claim no more,
 The sinner's blood (condemn'd before) ;
 And Heaven can now be just, and give
 Pardon and peace, that man may live.
 And now the work by Christ achiev'd,
 He has for all rich gifts receiv'd ;
 Repentance, faith, and life bestows,
 And all the holy fruit that grows ;
 Love, peace, and joy in Christ the Lord,
 As written in his blessed word :

This blessed word to man is given,
 That he may learn the way to heaven,
 There to enjoy through endless days,
 The blessings of redeeming grace.



Lincs

WRITTEN TO A YOUNG MINISTER GOING OUT TO
 TRAVEL, AFTER RECEIVING A LETTER FROM HIM.

DEAR Friend, thy thanks I do esteem,
 More dear than aught beside
 Thou could'st have giv'n, unless it were
 The knot which they have tied.

Yes! friendship's charms to me are dear,
 They guile my griefs away,
 And tend to strew my pathway here
 With flow'rets sweet and gay.

And now as I with thee must part,
 This truth I do thee tell;
 That many a sigh from this poor heart
 Will heave, to wish thee well.

Then go, dear friend, and labour where
 Thy Master bids thee go;
 And may His smile attend thee there,
 And all thy journey through.

And when thou dost the desk ascend,
 To teach poor helpless man ;
 O may the Spirit influence lend,
 And show the gospel plan !

And while the word thou dost impart,
 To those who do thee hear,
 May its blest truths affect each heart,
 And cause the contrite tear.

While gathering and dispensing good,
 Be it thy chief employ,
 To guide poor pilgrims on the road,
 Which leads to endless joy.

And when on earth thy work is done,
 May this thy welcome be :
 " Come hither, and receive the crown
 Reserv'd in heaven for thee."



Lines

WRITTEN FOR THE BATLEY METHODIST NEW
 CONNEXION TEA PARTY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
 POOR, CHRISTMAS DAY,

1839.

ANOTHER Christmas has begun ;
 Old Time another year has run,
 Since last we were assembled here
 To treat ourselves with social cheer :

As then, so now, to friendship true,
 Its noble character we show ;
 And while our better feelings blend,
 We hail each as a brother,—friend :
 Thus do we joys fraternal share,
 As these repeated acts declare,
 For ofttimes has the yielding board,
 With rich provisions amply stor'd,
 Bid welcome to each coming guest
 To share the pleasures of the feast,
 And while its 'liv'ning influence spread,
 Ne'er crack'd the brain, nor turn'd the head,
 But rais'd and cheer'd the sober mind,
 Nor left a drunkards' sting behind.
 Those were more prosp'rous times than we
 At present are allow'd to see ;
 Yet hope, which ever augurs well,
 Would all our gloomy fears dispel,
 And point to happier scenes than these,
 Where plenty shall be crown'd with peace.
 Yet ne'ertheless if winds do blow
 More adverse, shall our kindness flow,
 To soothe each poor afflicted one,
 Ere fell despair his work has done :
 Thus prompt to aid, and quick to bless
 Our fellow-creatures in distress,
 Sorrow and grief we would remove
 By gracious acts of purest love.
 Not blessed most they who receive,
 But those who do their wants relieve ;

For while 'twould seem as only one,
 Yet there's a two-fold blessing won :
 Yes ! 'tis a blessing when we feel
 A yearning for our fellow's weal,
 A blessing which we all should hold
 More dear by far than Chili's gold ;
 O may these gen'rous feelings find
 A dwelling-place in every mind.
 Come then, dear friends, and of your store
 Give to the treasury of the poor,
 So from their hearts for you shall rise
 A grateful incense to the skies,
 And God, who does their cause maintain,
 Shall more than give it back again ;
 For he who said, "when sick and faint,
 Ye minister'd to my every want,"
 Shall not forget your work of love,
 But note it in the realms above,
 As though the bounteous act was done,
 To God's own dear beloved Son.
 Such actions do enoble man,
 More than all other greatness can ;
 They lend a grace to every part,
 And dignify the human heart ;
 Making man more like God above,
 Whose Nature and whose Name is Love.



Hymn

FOR THE NATIONAL ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.

TUNE :—NATIONAL ANTHEM.

O Lord of earth and sky,
 Look on us from on high,
 And plead our cause.
 Thou, who the heavens made,
 And earth on which we tread,
 And art o'er all things head,
 Grant us success.

In thee we move and live,
 And from thee do receive
 Our every good :
 Thine ear attends our call ;
 Thine eye is over all ;
 Thou car'st for great and small,
 And giv'st them food.

But erring mortals' laws
 Are the unceasing cause
 Of deep distress ;
 Nor will they yield the right,
 And make our burdens light,
 But press with all their might
 And selfishness.

They're blinded by their lust,
 And wedded to the dust,
 Which still they hold ;
 Nor will they it forego,
 However much of woe
 It causes here below,—
 They thirst for gold.

All hearts are in thy hand,
 In this and every land ;
 O melt them down !
 That plenty may abound,
 And peace sit smiling round,
 While praises (joyful sound !)
 Ascend thy throne.



Valentine.*

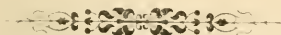
DEAR Sir, I send these lines to you,
 Hoping to find a lover true,
 Which I may fix my heart upon !
 Though, truth to tell, the act is done !

I trust therefore you'll not delay,
 But meet me on an early day ;
 For oh, I'm in a sorry plight
 The while my beau is out of sight !

* Written for a Young Lady.

Come then, my love, and let me see
 The one that is most dear to me !
 And pray don't take the thing amiss,
 If I should greet you with a kiss !

I've only one thing more to tell ;
 'Tis this, that if you wish me well,
 I'll be your own devoted wife,
 And make you happy all your life !



Hymn

THERE is a glorious world above,
 Beyond the starry sky ;
 A world of joy, and peace, and love,
 Eternal, and on high.

There in his own refulgent light,
 The King of Glory reigns,
 Encompass'd round with angels bright,
 Who chant their lofty strains.

Veiling their faces, they adore
 And worship at his feet,
 While saints their hallelujahs pour,
 As round the throne they meet.

But God is not in heaven alone,
 His presence fills all space ;

And he will turn away from none
Who supplicate his grace.

We then will seek his favour here,
And praise our gracious God,
Whose love and goodness do appear
Through all the world abroad.



Anniversary Hymn.

SUNG BY THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION SUNDAY
SCHOLARS AT BATLEY, WHITSUNTIDE,
1845.

THE happy day again is here,
When we our generous friends do meet ;
And in their presence now appear,
As wont, their willing ears to greet.

With thankful songs, for favours shown
To helpless children such as we ;
For their good deeds to us are known,
And shall by us remember'd be.

We cannot one of these repay,
Or aught return of all they've given ;
Yet will we for their welfare pray,
Who guide us in the way to heaven.

Ye are our patrons, and we find
Your hearts do much our interest feel,

The chords whereof, so sweet and kind,
Do vibrate only to our weal.

Relying on your bounty still,
To meet our wants with timely aid,
We come, not doubting that you will
For all your kindness be repaid.



Lines on Creation.

LORD of Creation ! Thee we praise,—
Thee in thy glorious works we see ;
For vast and great as are Thy ways,
They are in perfect harmony.

The spangled heavens with brightness shine,
Bedeck'd with all the orbs of light ;
Thou spak'st the word, the word was Thine,
And day sprang from chaotic night.

The earth obey'd Thy beck, and rose
Immediate from its liquid bed,
A solid mass, united close,
And firm, for future man to tread.

The spacious sea, Thy hands have made,
And fix'd it as by limit bound ;

Nor can it pass,—for Thou hast said,—
 “Here only shall thy waves be found.”

The verdant fields in richest dress,
 And varied as the rainbow, they
 Do much Thy wisdom thus express,
 Who cloth'd them in a garb so gay.

The stately cedar, tow'ring high
 Upon Mount Leb'non's snowy brow,
 Or loftier pine, 'neath Norway's sky,
 Do but in part Thy glory show.

The tender herb beneath the wall,
 Doth creep that it may shelter find,—
 Proof that, alike to great and small,
 Thou art the same, for ever kind.

The meanest worm this earth contains,
 To God doth equal glory bring,
 As that proud beast which still maintains
 The regal title of a king.

But man, the noblest part of all
 His numerous works, is head supreme,
 And lord of this terraqueous ball
 Which yields its ample stores to him.

He stands erect, above the rest,
 With manly grace and visage fair;
 But more,—he's of a soul possess'd;
 He only doth God's image bear.

Hymn

SUNG BY THE CHILDREN OF THE METHODIST NEW
 CONNEXION SUNDAY SCHOOL, AT THEIR ANNIVERSARY,
 WHITSUNTIDE,
 1846.

JESUS Saviour, Prince of peace,
 Thee, the Lord our righteousness,
 We in thankful songs will sing,
 Who didst us salvation bring.

Thou, the everlasting Son,
 With the Father equal,—one ;
 From Thy lofty throne didst see,
 All our guilt and misery.

In a wretched state we lay,
 Nor had we one cheering ray,
 Till the Bright and Morning Star
 Shone upon us from afar.

Thou, the Day-spring, now hast come,
 Chasing all our midnight gloom,
 And the mists of error hence,
 With Thy glorious radiance.

Now a heav'nly light is shed,
 Which shall all the earth o'erspread,
 That the whole of Adam's race
 May behold their Saviour's face.

Hail! thou Prince of glory, hail!
 Evermore do thou prevail,
 Till the universe shall be
 One vast temple, meet for Thee.



Hymn

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to Thee
 We bow with meek simplicity,
 And now confess, before Thy throne,
 Our sins, which all to Thee are known.

For Thou hast said, if thus we come,
 Thy loving arms will make us room;—
 Will to Thyself the rebels take,
 And save them for Thy mercy's sake.

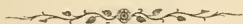
Thy grace and mercy, Lord, are more
 Than sands upon the ocean shore,
 Or stars that shine in yonder sphere,
 So wondrous does Thy love appear.

So great that love, no tongue can tell—
 So vast and so unsearchable;
 It brought Thee to this world of woe,
 That we might all its fulness know.

Thou led'st a life of suffering here;
 Thou didst our sins and sorrows bear;

That we, from all our guilt set free,
Might be prepared to reign with Thee.

With joy we hail the heav'nly boon,
And for our Saviour, Thee we own;
For Thou art worthy to receive
All that our ransom'd souls can give.



The Rose.

SWEET Rose! in thee we ever find
The traits we love to see;
The beauteous blended with the kind,
The fair with modesty.

So lovely and so innocent!
Thou dost this earth adorn
With richest hues of every tint,
So beauteous is thy form.

But though thou art so beauteous,
Yet art thou chaste and good;
Nor is their aught of wantonness
In all thy merry mood.

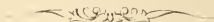
Oh, yes, thou art as pure and fair
As breath of early morn,
When first it kisses the young air,
By sighing zephyrs borne.

Thou art an emblem of true love,
 And peace, and amity ;
 And it would seem as nature strove
 To show them forth in thee.

'Tis thine to be fair England's pride,
 First flow'ret in her crown,
 With Erin's shamrock at thy side,
 And Scotia's thistle down.

But O, the rich and fragrant smell
 With much delight we greet !
 Thou dost all other flowers excel,
 Thine odours are so sweet.

Where'er thou rear'st thy modest head,
 Or show'st thy blushing face ;
 There does thy cheering presence shed
 A halo round the place.



LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON JOHN, AT THE
 AGE OF TWO YEARS AND A HALF, WHICH OCCURRED
 APRIL 8TH, 1845.

AH, thou art gone ! our own dear boy,
 Which erst did yield so much of joy
 To us ; who, now of thee bereft,
 Are in sad anguish quickly left.

'Twas thy sweet prattle all the day
 Did guile our cares and griefs away ;
 And sorrow soon did flee apace
 Where shone thy lovely, happy face !

No more thou'lt sit on pader's* knee,
 Where he the while did dandle thee,
 And fold and hug thee to his breast,
 More fondly still to be caress'd !

The father's hope, and mother's joy ;
 They dream'd not of the least alloy
 To this their bliss, so chaste and pure,
 Which they did deem but too secure.

But thou art gone ! thou told'st us where,
 Thou said'st, "to Heaven, to yon bright sphere
 I go, where all is peace and love,
 To join the glorious hosts above !

To that dear Saviour who did die
 For little children such as I,
 That we might with that Jesus be
 Who said, "let children come to me."

Oh yes ! thou art a spirit bright,
 Among the purer saints of light,
 Enjoying an eternal rest
 With all the happy and the blest.

* Father's.

Epitaph

FOR TWO CHILDREN, THE BEFORE-MENTIONED SON, AND
A DAUGHTER WHO DIED BEFORE HIM.

JUST like the tender flower that blows
Its brief uncertain day,
So were the lily and the rose
Both snatch'd from us away.

But now they do for ever bloom
In the bright world above :
There nought of death can ever come,
Where all is life and love.

May.

MAY, the merry month of May !
Ever cheerful, ever gay !
Comes with all the mirth and glee
That we can desire to see ;
In her own most modest dress,
In her own sweet loveliness.

Like a maiden blushing fair,
Who hath known nor grief nor care ;
And whose gracefulness appears
Only strengthen'd by her years ;
Such is May with youthful bloom,
Rich in beauty and perfume.

Queen of Spring ! we hail again
 Thee, with all thy lovely train,
 Flowers, which rise their queen to greet,
 And do homage at her feet,
 While their incense they present,
 Incense of exquisite scent.

Garlands for her brow they weave,
 As it were the bridal eve ;
 Each the other does entwine,
 And in wreaths they do combine
 Her to grace with chaplet rare,
 Her who is so good and fair.

Birds to her their tribute bring,
 For they now more joyous sing,
 And their voices loud do raise,
 Pouring forth melodious lays,
 May to welcome, and prolong
 May's kind visit with their song.

Lambkins in the field we see
 Frisking there right merrily ;
 They run, and skip, and jump, and play,
 All the bright and sunny day ;
 And it seems their bliss to fling
 More of gladness into spring.

Children on the village green,
 At their gambols, too, are seen ;
 Nor is aught of guilt or fear

To be found among them there :
 They are full of hope, and joy ;
 Without care, without alloy.

Thus all nature does agree
 Happy May, to welcome thee ;
 That thou may'st thine influence shed,
 And abundant blessings spread,
 On the whole creation round,
 Where a germ of life is found.



To a New-born Infant

ON SEEING IT THE FIRST TIME, MAY 20TH, 1846.

SAY, tiny thing, from whence art thou ?
 Was it where golden apples grow
 Which the three fabled nymphs did tend ;
 Likewise a dragon which did lend
 His powerful aid, and watch did keep
 While the fair maidens were asleep ?
 Or com'st thou from the fairy-land,
 Where, if I rightly understand,
 Thou would'st have been a giant tall
 Tow'ring above the elves so small ?
 Tell us if half the tales we hear
 Of them are true, (which we do fear) ;
 And of their magic and their spell,
 By which they play their pranks so well,

And tease good folks who else would rest
 In Morpheus' arms, securely blest.
 Say if they all are drest in green,
 As people say, who have them seen ;
 And if they hide at break of day,
 Or do they vanish quite away ?
 Tell us if all their time is spent
 In mischief and in merriment ;
 Or if they follow aught that's good,
 In raising or procuring food ;
 And if they either weave or spin
 In silk or cotton, wool or lin ;
 Or do they all such things deery
 As far beneath their dignity ?
 Perhaps they are a martial folk,
 And would not be afraid of Polk,*
 Nor all the trans-atlantic race
 With all their warlike tone, " I guess."
 And could'st thou tell us aught beside,
 About the bridegroom and the bride ?
 (If such there be) it would afford
 One joy to see the gallant lord ;
 How do they keep the marriage-knot ?
 Is it held sacred or forgot ?
 Or does true love their mirth outvie ?
 If so, then 'tis felicity.
 Or hast thou heard old Vulcan's stroke,
 And seen the clouds of murky smoke,
 Which from his monster forge do rise,

* American President.

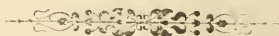
While casting red bolts in the skies ?
 And hast thou seen bold Neptune's car,
 He driving furious as in war ;
 Bearing the trident in his hand
 By which he does the seas command ?
 If so, say where's his royal seat,
 And where his courtiers he doth meet ?
 Is it upon the coral bed,
 With curtain'd waters overspread ?
 Tell us about his Naiad queen,
 How her good self she does demean ;
 Doubtless she is a mermaid fair
 With which no land-queen may compare ;
 Hast thou e'er seen her slender form,
 Calm and serene amid the storm,
 While sitting at her toilet rare,
 Combing her long and flowing hair ?
 And hast thou caught her quick bright eye,
 Glancing to scan some enemy,
 Then straightway plunging in the main
 Back to her home and friends again ?
 If aught of these thou ere hast known,
 Or seen, or heard of any one
 Of them, we pray thee now to tell,
 For sure I am 'twill please us well.

CANTO II.

I come, I come, but I may not tell
 Where erst I in the world did dwell ;
 I was not in that garden found

Which poets have so much renown'd,
 Nor aught of it till now I knew
 How Hercules the dragon slew,
 When he, victorious in the fray,
 Did bear the precious fruit away ;
 Nor from the fairy-land I come
 A little while o'er earth to roam,
 And then, some night before 'tis day,
 To vanish from your sight away ;
 Nor have I heard old Vulcan's sound,
 Or seen the red bolts flying round ;
 I ne'er knew of such things before,
 (They're only scraps of classic lore,)
 Of Neptune and his fiery steeds,
 Those fine sea-horses ; this exceeds
 All that I could have thought to hear,
 And far more than my mind can bear,
 About his court and of his queen ;
 They all are very fine, I ween,
 Imaginations of the mind,
 Which else no one could ever find.
 But now I think I've heard enough
 About this vague unmeaning stuff,
 So hope you will no longer keep
 Me from my cradle and my sleep ;
 But first, there's one thing I would show,
 I've come into this world below,
 A little while to sojourn here
 A pilgrim, as our fathers were :
 I come from God, the Fount of bliss,

And Source of all true happiness ;
 He form'd me, and He me has given
 That you may train me up for heaven.
 See to it then that, day by day,
 You lead me in true wisdom's way,
 That I may follow in the road
 Which leads to heaven, which leads to God,
 That so, when time with us is o'er,
 We may be found on Canaan's shore,
 There in each other's company,
 Be happy through eternity.



To a Turtle Dove.

SWEET dove ! what thoughts arise,
 While 'fore my ravish'd eyes,
 Thou stand'st so chaste and pure :
 No bird with thee can vie
 In meek simplicity ;
 'Tis all but too demure.

It gives me joy to be
 In such sweet company,
 To see thy comely mood :
 This world of sin and strife
 Ill suits thy spotless life,
 So happy and so good.

Wherever thou art known,
 Thy constancy is shown
 For man to imitate ;
 So faithful is thy love,
 That nothing can thee move
 To leave thy once-loved mate.

Pure as the mountain snow
 From every taint below,
 And peaceful and serene,
 Thou lead'st my soul away
 To scenes of brighter day,
 Where sin hath never been.

When Noah's flood did rise,
 And mount towards the skies
 From earth to heaven above,
 'Twas fitting thou should'st go
 To fetch the olive bough,
 Emblem of peace and love.

And when on Jordan's shore,
 The Holy Spirit bore
 Witness to God's dear Son,
 Thy form he did assume,
 Lighting like rich perfume
 On the beloved One.

For reasons such as these,
 Sweet messenger of peace.

I own, I love thee well !
 May I, pure bird, like thee
 Be cloth'd with modesty,
 That I too may excel.



Winter :

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY,
 1846.

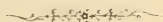
COLD Winter now is come again,
 Attended by his constant train
 Of colds and coughs, and other pains,
 Along with broken bones and sprains :
 These ever and anon we see,
 And sometimes feel their misery.
 His look so stern and fierce doth show,
 A complexion of frost and snow,
 That seems as frigid and as keen
 As if the sun it ne'er had seen.
 I never saw him in worse mood ;
 Time was when he was mild and good,
 But now he's abrupt and severe,
 Quite sharp and snappish everywhere :
 Besides his piercing wind doth roar
 Through every crevice in the door,
 Threat'ning to turn the tables o'er,
 And throw the chairs upon the floor ;
 I know not what 'tis all about,

But sure enough he is *en route*,
 Nor stops upon his onward way,
 Marching right on by night and day ;
 The while he goes with cold, cold hand,
 He seizes on both sea and land,
 Which yield to his relentless sway,
 Owning his power, which they obey ;
 As does the venial to his lord
 Submit, nor dares to speak a word
 Contrary to his high behest,
 So do they in quiescence rest.
 And now the fields which erst were green,
 Cloth'd in pure white may now be seen,
 Of virgin snow, all mantled o'er,
 As they have been in days of yore.
 The cattle shiv'ring in the mead
 In vain do seek their 'custom'd feed ;
 The herbage all is buried low,
 Far hidden from the hungry cow.
 The sheep, that are more warmly clad
 With fleecy wool, are not so bad,
 But that they stand the winter's blast,
 And crop the turnips to the last.
 'Tis now the boys the village round
 At snow-ball throwing may be found ;
 Pelting each other hard, they try
 Each one the other to outvie :
 The balls in quick succession move,
 As when the French and English strove
 At Waterloo, where on the plain

So many valiant men where slain ;
 When Wellington and Bony† fought,
 And where the last was put to rout :
 Thus do the boys, but with more glee.
 Battle it out most gloriously,
 Until one party cries “pecca,”*
 And then, quite vanquish’d, run away,
 The others shouting out, “you’re done,
 And we have now the viet’ry won.”
 Anon they’re sliding on the ice,
 And down they tumble in a trice,
 Each laughing at his fellow’s fall,
 Which laugh in turn applies to all.
 The people now, both young and old,
 Do strive to keep them from the cold ;
 They wrap themselves in cloak or muff,
 Or aught that’s made of such like stuff,
 So that they may cold winter bear,
 With some degree of comfort here ;
 Howe’er, we would not much complain
 Of Winter’s cold, for in the main
 It is conducive to our good,
 As well for med’cine as for food ;
 For, like the other seasons, he
 Has to fulfil his destiny ;
 He only kills to make alive,
 And thus all nature does revive :
 Nor is this all ; for pleasures too
 We still may find ’mid frost and snow.

* Peccavi. † Bonaparte.

'Tis at this season of the year
 Each hearth abounds with social cheer :
 And every heart does open wide
 To treat his friend at Christmas tide :
 The father does his children call,
 That he may see them one and all
 Around his table, where they meet,
 And where there is an ample treat
 Of the good things this life affords,
 With which his house is richly stored.
 Each brother and each sister there
 Do all right happy now appear,
 And, by their acts of kindness, prove
 How much they do each other love.
 Thus may it be for years to come,
 That they may meet in that same home,
 And nought be found to mar their bliss,
 But all be happiness and peace.



The Welsh Drover.

A Welshman once to London went,
 (As I have heard the tale,)
 With cattle he was thither sent,
 Which cattle were for sale.

And when to Smithfield he had come,
 (So far all right and good,)
 Of money, then, he wanted some
 To buy him clothes and food.

The Master paid him down in gold
 A guinea bright and clear,
 With which he did set off, I'm told,
 To get it chang'd somewhere.

And now into a shop he goes,
 And sees a fellow there,
 Sat on the counter sans his clothes !
 Who look'd a little queer.

The Drover said, "I pray, good man,
 Will you be kind to me,
 And give me change, sir, if you can,
 For this my *goot kinney*?"

The fellow nods assent the while,
 And takes it with good-will ;
 Then with an arch and knowing smile,
 He drops it in the till.

Some time poor Taffy now did wait,
 Expecting to receive
 The change each moment—but, oh, fate !
 Nought would the fellow give !

Taff's patience now was wearing out,
 As yours or mine would be ;
 And so he says, quite in a flout,
 "Give me back my own kinney."

Just then the master in does pop,
 And cries, "Hallo—what now!
 What is this racket in my shop?
 This noise I wont allow!"

Says Taffy—"That old fellow strange,
 Your father's used me ill;
 He got my kinney for to change,
 And put it in the till.

Now I from him no change can get,
 Nor kinney back again,
 At least I have not done so yet,
 This truth I do maintain."

The shopman says, "You villain, so
 You think to cheat me, aye!"
 Then on him, without more ado,
 A broomstick he did lay.

"I'll learn you also, Taff, to know
 A monkey from a man!"
 So as Taff felt each heavy blow,
 Out of the shop he ran.

Right glad he was to get away,
 To leave his guinea, too;
 But he will ne'er forget that day,
 No more should I or you,

And now, my readers, I advise
 Each one to look right well,
 And see distinctly with his eyes
 Before he aught does tell;

And not to make the same mistake
 As Taffy, to his cost;
 Who a monkey for a man did take,
 And thus his guinea lost.



Paraphrase

ON THE 34TH PSALM, LORD'S DAY, FEBRUARY 7TH, 1847.

BLESS thou the Lord, my soul alway;
 At all times praise his name;
 And to all men, from day to day,
 His wonders great proclaim.

2.

My soul in Him shall make her boast
 With a glad heart and voice;
 The humble all shall hear thereof,
 And with me shall rejoice.

3.

O magnify His name with me,
 And let us bless the Lord;
 Let Him by us exalted be,
 According to His word.

4.

I sought Him and he heard my cry,
 He brought salvation near,
 And sav'd me from my misery,
 From all my guilt and fear.

5.

I looked to His holy hill
 From whence our help doth flow ;
 My heart was lighten'd of its load,
 My face no shame did know.

6.

The Lord unto my cry did lend
 A kind propitious ear ;
 For where the poor 'neath troubles bend,
 His saving help is near.

7.

His angel doth encamp around
 All them that fear his name,
 Deliv'ring them wherever found,
 From all their sin and shame.

8.

Come, taste and see how good He is,
 Whose mercy knows no end ;
 All they that put their trust in Him
 His blessing shall attend.

9.

Fear ye the Lord, all ye his saints,
 And ye no want shall know ;

For you the blessings of his grace
In rich abundance flow.

10.

The lions young their food may lack,
And suffer hunger's pain ;
But they that seek the Lord in truth,
All good things shall obtain.

11.

Ye children, all attend and hear,
Come, hearken unto me,
That I may teach you of his fear,
And from all sin to flee.

12.

What man is he that life desires,
And loveth many days,
That he may much of good receive
And prosper in his ways ?

13 & 14.

Let him his tongue from anger keep,
And lips from speaking guile,
Depart from evil, and do good ;
Then God on him shall smile.

15.

His eyes are ever over those,
Who righteousness do love ;
His ears of mercy open are
To hear them from above.

16.

But to the wicked he hath said,
 My face ye shall not see,
 Your names shall be cut off the earth,
 Nor more remember'd be.

17.

The righteous ery unto the Lord,
 And He their cry doth hear ;
 For soon He doth deliver them,
 And their sad spirits cheer.

18.

The Lord is nigh unto them all
 That are of broken heart,
 And unto all the contrite ones
 Doth saving grace impart.

19.

The righteous are afflicted sore
 With many sorrows here ;
 But He will soon deliver them,
 Who doth their burdens bear.

20.

Soon He will to their rescue come,
 He all their bones will keep ;
 Nor suffer one of them to break,
 Of his beloved sheep.

21.

But evil shall the wicked slay,
 Who do the righteous hate ;

Nor shall he flourish in his day,
But soon be desolate.

22.

The Lord redeemeth every soul
Of all His servants here ;
And none of them that trust in Him
Have any cause to fear.



The Seasons.

I LOVE to see sweet spring's gay bloom,
When blossoming is here ;
Shedding abroad a rich perfume,
A fragrance everywhere ;—

But more I love in life's young hours,
The germs of grace to see ;
Those buds that open into flowers
Of early piety.

I love to see the summer's sun
In his full splendour shine,
When ripened fruit is hanging down
In clusters, as the vine ;—

But more to see in manhood's noon,
The fruits of holiness,

Brought to perfection by the sun,
The Lord our Righteousness.

I love to see kind autumn's face,
When fields of corn appear,
Clad in their own luxuriousness,
Waving the golden ear.

But more to see life's autumn show
A plenteous yield of grace,
That there may be a harvest now,
Of love, and joy, and peace.

I love to see cold winter, too,
In his own happy mood ;
For though he's cloth'd with frost and snow,
He comes but for our good.

But more to see the silvery lock,
The winter of old age,
Cling to the everlasting Rock,
As its sole heritage.



Brettle, a German Tale.

It was in the year 'thirty-two,
In a German state,
That the facts did occur
Which I now shall relate,

Of two travellers there
 Who were wearied and worn,
 With November's cold
 Which they had borne,
 Both long and severe, one Saturday night,
 Until they were each in a sorry plight.

But it was well for them,
 That in their way
 A road-side inn
 Near at hand did lay,
 Which soon they did enter,
 Right glad to find,
 A shelter so good
 From the stormy wind,
 That ere and anon did whistle and roar ;
 But, from which being secure, they felt it no more.

And now, being safe housed in this homely retreat,
 'Twas needful that they should have something to eat,
 So they had a warm supper, a frugal repast,
 Which to them was no less than a sumptuous feast.
 The banquet being over, they moved to the fire,
 Along with some others who also drew near ;
 There were only a few in that snug little place,
 But pleasure and joy beamed forth in each face,
 For all were quite happy, and social, and free,
 As every one ought with his fellow to be.
 Now each in his turn a story did tell,
 Of ghosts and of goblins, which he knew right well ;

Of theives, and of robbers, and their horrid deeds,
 In which each tale that follows the other exceeds.
 The last that was told by the pastor was spoke,
 And friends, I assure you, 'twas far from a joke ;
 It was of a spot hard by, which he said
 To all people round was a cause of great dread :
 A gibbet was there where once a man hung,
 That made the place shunn'd both by old and by young :
 Moreover he said that robbers met there,
 A Banditti so bold, they were strangers to fear,
 Who for plunder and rapine few equals e'er had,
 Their acts were so daring, their deeds were so bad
 The story now ended, one trav'ler did say,
 " A nice little wager of two ducats I'll lay,
 That no person here will go to the post
 And make a cross there ; if they do, I have lost."

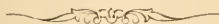
For some time there was no one who dared to take
 The wager ; at length a young maiden spake ;
 She said, " I'll accept the challenge and go,
 If Master and Mistress their consent will show.
 For a time they refused, and would not accede
 To such a bold wish, but at length they agreed
 That if she was fully resolved to go,
 It was at her own risk, they'd have her to know.
 One only request the maiden did make ;
 It was, that our host should be mindful to take
 Good care to keep open the entrance door
 Until she return'd, if she should any more.
 Now off she did go, like a lion so bold,
 Direct to the post, of which she laid hold,

And made the cross there, as before was agreed,
 In order to prove that she had done the deed :
 That instant her ears were assail'd by the stamp
 Of a horse, near at hand, so sans candle or lamp,
 She seizes the bridle, unlooses the tie,
 And, mounting the pad, away she does fly :
 Right quickly she came to her home back again.
 But no longer her courage or strength could maintain ;
 She fainted, and it was a long time before
 The whole of the mystery she could explore.
 At length, being recovered, the maiden did say,
 ' A pistol was fired, but I did not stay
 To see who was there, or any such thing,
 But into the saddle at once I did spring,
 And hasted away as fast as I might,
 As most people would that were in such a plight.'"
 The horse they examined, and found it to be,
 As noble a one as any you see ;
 Besides a valise 'neath the saddle, I'm told,
 Was found, which contained a large sum in gold.
 Next day being the sabbath, the maiden alone
 Was left in the house, the rest were all gone
 To church, or to chapel, to one of the two
 They went ; but to which the tale does not show.
 The host, ere he left, did caution the maid
 To make fast the house, and it barricade,
 And to let no one in while he was away,
 Howe'er they might urge, whate'er they might say.
 They had not gone long ere a horseman call'd out
 That he wanted to bait, for he was *en route*,

And needed refreshment, as travellers do,
 Which having received, he onward would go.
 The maiden, not thinking that aught was amiss
 In such a proposal, assented a 'yes',
 So forthwith she led to the stable the way,
 Where the horse she had taken so lately then lay.
 The stranger admired and prized it much,
 Declaring that he had seldom seen such
 A one for its beauty as well as its size,
 It certainly quite delighted his eyes.
 He asked her how long the horse they had had,
 And what was the price they had paid for the pad,
 With many more questions relating thereto,
 Which you must excuse me from telling you now.
 However she told him the whole of the feat
 Which pleased him much, it was really a treat
 To hear her so freely and frankly explain
 The means by which she the horse did obtain.
 The parley being ended, without more ado
 Forthwith to the house the couple did go,
 Where a breakfast he had that lasted him long,
 The more as he wished his stay to prolong,
 When at length, it was over, he wanted some wine,
 As gentlemen sometimes do when they dine ;
 And as the maid went to the cellar below,
 To fetch it, he also did silently go,
 And follow her down, intending, no doubt,
 To murder her there before she came out :
 Now just at the instant her presence of mind,
 Came quick to her aid, as soon you shall find,

For straightway she out the candle did blow,
 And slipping up stairs, left him groping below,
 Then she bolted the door, and made it quite fast,
 Where now he had time to reflect on the past ;
 And then with all haste the doors she did make,
 And into the chamber herself did betake,
 That she might remain in security there,
 Until the good folks of the house should appear ;
 No sooner this done than two men out did bawl,
 For admittance in, as they wanted to call,
 To see some one there, who they knew was inside,
 So an entrance they'd have, whatever betide ;
 They storm'd, they bluster'd and threaten'd her sore,
 And vow'd to come in, or break through the door,
 Or even, if needful, the window to scale,
 And kill her at once, as I learn from the tale.
 The maiden was now in a strait, as she might ;
 For who would not then have been in a fright ?
 But as it would seem by good fortune, she met
 With a gun in the house, which she instantly set
 At these desperate men, and threaten'd to take
 Their lives, if they offer'd an entrance to make.
 The men had not thought such resistance to find ;
 So after a while they made up their mind
 To go for the present, but soon to return
 With a force that all weapons and danger would spurn ;
 Then away they did go, and no doubt she was glad
 To get rid of the customers which she had had,
 For they were not pleasant, (I'd have you to know,)
 As their conduct to her too plainly did show :

And now in suspense the maiden did wait,
 Not knowing as yet what might still be her fate ;
 Or whether or not the robbers would come
 Back again ere the folks of the house should get home :
 Howe'er as it was, the host and his spouse,
 Along with the police came first to the house,
 To the joy of the maiden, who long'd to be free
 From a state which involved so much misery.
 And now they at once proceeded to take
 The fellow below, who resistance did make ;
 But soon they o'ercame him, and had him secure
 In the arms of the law, his desserts to endure :
 This man whom they took was the chief of a band
 Of brigantine robbers, who spread through the land
 Such a terror and dread amongst all honest men,
 That they wish not to see such things acted again.
 The captain being taken, without any head
 The banditti was broken, its members were spread,
 And scatter'd abroad in utter dismay,
 Nor ever appeared from that very day.



Lines

WRITTEN ON THOMAS PENNY, OF BATLEY.

THERE was a man in humble life,
 Who did a maiden love ;
 He thought to have her for his wife,
 But thus it did not prove.

His love was ardent and sincere,
 Nor aught could it destroy ;
 She was his only comfort here,
 His solace and his joy.

His heart beat high with joys to come
 Of happiness in store,
 When she with him should share his home,
 And grace it evermore.

But ere the marriage-knot was tied,
 Or Hymen's vows were made,
 The maiden sicken'd and she died,
 And in the grave was laid.

In death, as life, still to him dear,
 As when on wedlock bent,
 So to her mem'ry o'er her bier
 He rais'd a monument ;

And many a night he used to wend
 His way to the church-yard,
 Where he did there his treasure tend,
 A sad and mournful guard !

And thus he did his vigils keep
 Through many a dreary night,
 Nor would allow himself to sleep
 Till broke the morning light.

He o'er fell thoughts began to brood
On his own hapless state,
Thinking of things which are not good,
And do but grief create.

Nor day nor night could bring relief
Unto his troubled mind ;
Nothing could now assuage his grief,
No solace could he find.

He charg'd the sexton what to do
About his obsequies,
And said before March winds did blow,
Here he would rest in peace.

Too true he did fulfil his word :
It grieves me much to say
That ere March came, he with a cord
Did put himself away.

And now, poor man, he's buried low
With his own Nancy dear ;
Together they are lying now
In rest and quiet there.



Hymn

SUNG BY THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION SUNDAY
SCHOLARS, WHITSUNTIDE,

1847.

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, save
The souls which Thou hast bought,
That we may Thy salvation have,
Which Thou for us hast wrought.

All we, like sheep, have gone astray
From Thee, our Friend and Guide ;
And each has turn'd to his own way
In folly and in pride.

Long have we wander'd, Lord, from Thee,
Nor knew our lost estate,
We did not see our misery,
Although it was so great.

Hadst Thou not come to seek the lost,
And save us from our sin,
We ne'er had known, save at our cost,
The danger we were in.

But Thou for us Thy life hast giv'n,
And call'd us by Thy voice,
That we may follow Thee to heav'n,
There with Thee to rejoice.

Thy voice we hear, and now we come
 To Thee, the Life, the Way,
 That Thou may'st guide us safely home
 To realms of endless day.



Lines

WRITTEN TO MY WIFE ON THE SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY
 OF OUR WEDDING-DAY.

O that I could attain
 Parnassus' lofty mount,
 Or draughts of nectar drain
 From fam'd Castalia's fount :
 It would my soul inspire
 To sweep the new-strung lyre,
 And I should pour in measures sweet
 Euphonius numbers at thy feet.

But though I may not soar
 On swift Pegasus' wing,
 Yet would I still the more
 Attempt thy praise to sing :
 And though in humble verse,
 I will thy fame rehearse ;
 And tell an Andromache is mine,
 Which does the fabled one outshine.

I see no more the maid
 Which erst I lov'd to see,
 When in the sylvan glade
 I wander'd oft with thee,
 While, blushing modestly,
 Thou look'dst most charmingly,
 And I could bend at beauty's feet,
 To catch a glance so bland and sweet.

And now that time has fled,
 I love thee yet the more
 Than when we first were wed ;
 That love now seems too poor,
 Compared with thy worth,
 Then only shadow'd forth ;
 For time itself alone could prove.
 The strength of thy untiring love.

Now sixteen years have gone
 Since we the knot did tie,
 When Hymen did us join
 In bonds of unity ;
 And still that knot does bide
 Although severely tried ;
 It is so close and firmly knit
 That nothing e'er could part it yet.

Dearer and dearer still
 As wife, thou art my love ;
 For nought, come good or ill,

Can thy affection move ;
 Alike when clouds do lower
 As in the sunny hour :
 Thou art the same unchanging one
 As when our love was first begun.

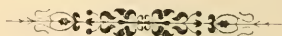
But when I look again
 And see the mother there,
 As graceful in her mien,
 As tender of her care,
 I do admire thee more
 Than e'er I did before,
 And love thee for thy virtuous mind
 Which is so gentle and so kind.

Of all the graces there
 Which I most love to see,
 The chief that does appear
 Is sweet humility :
 It does thy soul entwine
 Like tendrils round the vine,
 And though it is an humble gem,
 Itself would form a diadem.

While in this musing strain,
 I view thy faith and hope ;
 How, when hard press'd with pain,
 It buoy'd my spirit up,
 And pointed to yon home
 Where sorrows never come,

And said that soon we should be free
From all our pain and misery.

Thus may it ever be
In every time and place ;
That thou may'st cling to me
In all thy truthfulness :
Then shall I have a friend
On whom I can depend ;
Until the pain of life is o'er,
And I have reach'd fair Canaan's shore.



Hymn

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY,

MAY 23RD, 1847

HAIL, happy, happy day !
The time we love to see,
Has in its course revolv'd again,
The children's jubilee.

To God all praise we owe
For His preserving care,
Who of His mercy hath us kept
Throughout another year.

Our friends again we meet ;
Those friends so good and true

Who only need our cause to know,
Their kindness to renew.

They ever have been found
The guardians of our youth,
In bringing us into the way
Of piety and truth.

For them we still will pray,
That God would bless their store,
And cause each one to trust in Him,
Both now and evermore.



Come away, my Love.

MAY 24TH 1847.

Oh come away, my love,
Let us leave this busy scene
Of strife, and noise, and din,
For the hills and dales so green ;
Oh come away, my love.

While the sky is bright and fair,
And light zephyrs fan the air,
'Twill refresh us to be there ;
Oh come away, my love.

Let us haste to the ivyed towers,
And to the woodbine bowers ;

There cull the laughing flowers ;
 Oh come away, my love.

Where the gay blue-bell doth grow,
 And the honeysuckle throw
 Its fragrance from each bough ;
 Oh come away, my love.

To see the sylvan dell,
 Where the sprites and fairies dwell,
 Who enchant us with their spell ;
 Oh come away, my love.

'Twill please us well to be
 In such light company,
 And to see their revelry ;
 Oh come away, my love.

There the gurgling stream doth flow
 In motions fitful,—slow,
 While its face with warmth doth glow ;
 Oh come away, my love.

For the sun in rising high,
 This tiny brook did spy
 And kiss'd it in passing by ;
 Oh come away, my love.

To see the wood-wild bee,
 And hear its minstrelsy,
 More sweet than its sweet honey ;
 Oh come away, my love.

While the birds are on the wing,
 And their choicest lays do sing,
 Till they make the welkin ring ;
 Oh come away, my love.

Where the lambkins jump and play
 All the bright and sunny day,
 As if they seem'd to say,
 “ Oh come away, my love.”

All nature doth invite
 To make our spirits light,
 And to fill us with delight ;
 Oh come away, my love.



Pines on an Irish Fifer.

AN Irishman bold, a fifer by trade,
 Came to Batley, where he on his instrument play'd
 At three half-pence per mile, for that it was found,
 Was the length of the way which the town did surround,
 And many a time at that rate he did play,
 And sometimes for less, as I've heard people say ;
 For a small piece of bread, or aught of that kind,
 If 'twas aught he could eat, then he did not much mind,
 In a short space of time his fame did spread wide ;
 Compar'd with that little was talk'd of beside,
 For all that had heard him they praised him so,

That it made others anxious to hear him play too.
 While this was the case old Time in his stride
 Did bring us again to gay Whitsuntide ;
 And oh, it was pleasant as any could be,
 For a fairer or finer you never did see.
 Well, it was at this time that a party did make
 Up a pic-nic, and with them poor paddy did take
 To a quiet sylvan glen, romantic and sweet,
 Where the fairies do dwell, a most lovely retreat.
 Now this party did take with them plenty of drink ;
 That they were not teetotallers, you'll be ready to think ;
 Nor are you mistaken, for all of them there
 Were persons who lik'd to have lots of good cheer :
 There was one of the set more droll than the rest,
 Who, himself being half Irish, ne'er wanted a jest ;
 So he says to his brother, " Come, march up that tree
 For to day we intend to have a good spree."

Up paddy does go, like a monkey the while
 He looked, so grim and so arch was his smile,
 That had you not known you'd have thought him to be
 An Ourang-Outang from the woods of Bornea.
 Well, he fied, and they drank to their heart's full content,
 Until both his breath and their liquor were spent,
 Which was no sooner done than they did upbraid
 Poor paddy because he had tir'd of his trade :
 And now like a mob they did him surround,
 And gather'd up missiles which they readily found ;
 Then pelted him hard both with sods and with stones,
 You'd have thought that they almost had broken his
 bones.

Poor paddy ; he now did begin to bemoan ;
 From piping to whining he alter'd his tone,
 Lamenting that e'er he had gone up so high,
 While the more he thought on it the more he did cry.
 But, as there's an end to all misery,
 At last they allow'd him to come down the tree,
 And made him amends for all they had done,
 That soon he was happy as when they begun ;
 And so he resumed his fifeing again,
 While they did all march rank and file, in his train ;
 And thus they return'd back again to the town
 Quite pleas'd and delighted at what they had done.



The Two Roses,

PLUCK'D IN THE REV. J. LIVINGSTON'S GARDEN,

JUNE 30TH, 1847.

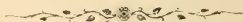
I pluck'd a rose so fair and bright,
 That it did fill me with delight,
 'Twas white as virgin snow ;
 It seem'd the emblem of all good,
 So pure and spotless ; yet it could
 But little scent bestow.

I pluck'd another rose so fair^d
 And fine, that it might well compare
 With that I had before ;

I tried its perfume, and did find
 The choicest odours of its kind
 Emitted from the flower.

Thus youth may be both bright and fair,
 And lovely, too, it may appear ;
 Yet, if it lacks the grace
 Or virtue of humility,
 Nor shows the traits of modesty,
 It ceases soon to please.

But when with beauty we do find
 Those graces which adorn the mind,
 They shed a fragrance there,
 By far more sweet than ever blows
 From finest, or from fairest rose,—
 More lasting and more dear.



To a Noquet of Flowers.

AUGUST 9TH, 1847.

How lovely and sweet,
 Where so many do meet,
 The gayest and fairest of flowers ;
 There each in its place
 Its beauty displays,
 As when in the parterre or bowers.

2.

There's the snowball so white
 Attracts first our sight ;
 It seemeth so modest and pure,
 That we think it to be
 The prude's favourite tree,
 For, like her, it is very demure.

3.

The piana, too,
 Is there just to show
 Its rich and its deep crimson dye ;
 That in contrast with white,
 It may us delight,
 And raise our esteem of it high.

4.

There's the flower-de-luce,
 The tri-coloured tree,
 Which the Frenchman so much does delight in.
 That for it he'd fight
 From morning till night,
 Although by it he got a good hiding.

5.

The columbine there
 Does also appear
 With the rest in its own proper place ;
 And though not so gay
 As some others, we say
 That it lacks neither beauty nor grace.

6

The laburnum too
 We have in full view,
 With its flowers and petals of gold ;
 Which the while they are spread
 'Twixt the white and the red,
 Are really quite rich to behold.

7

The lupin so tall,
 Doth tower above all
 The rest like a cedar so high ;
 Like a king in full state,
 Majestic and great,
 It would seem all compeers to defy.

8

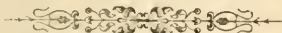
While small London-pride,
 Does endeavour to hide
 Itself 'neath the southern wood bough,
 Nor dares rear its head
 For fear 't should be said,
 That pride was its nature also.

9

The stripe-grass we see
 Mid this gay company,
 But not as an intruder there ;
 In the midst of them all,
 So erect and so tall,
 An elegant form it does bear.

The lily so fair,
 I will not compare
 With any thing else save the rose ;
 For I scarcely can tell
 Which gives the best smell,
 Or pleasantest fragrance bestows.

But as most people say
 That the rose wins the day,
 I will not contend with them here ;
 Be this as it may,
 I love each in its way,
 For all do most lovely appear.



The Jubilee

OF THE METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

1847.

LET the glad trumpet sound,
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Proclaim to nations round
 The honours of our God,
 Who gives us now with joy to see,
 The era of our Jubilee.

Now fifty years have gone,
 Since we, an infant band,
 Did as a people join
 In this our native land,—
 To preach salvation full and free,
 As we do on this Jubilee.

Like to some slender rill,
 Whose rise, at first, is small ;
 But which increaseth still
 As onward it doth fall ;—
 Thus have we, too, progressively,
 Increas'd, as on this Jubilee.

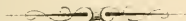
Or as some little cloud,
 When first 'tis seen on high,
 Seems only as a hand,
 At length o'erspreads the sky ;—
 Thus have we compass'd land and sea,
 As on this glorious Jubilee.

Already is God's name
 In distant lands made known,
 By us, whose only aim
 Is still to labour on ;
 To labour more incessantly,
 And hasten the world's Jubilee.

Our Ebenezer here
 Of gratitude we'll raise,—
 One that shall long appear,

In many coming days,—
A monument of piety,
Erected on this Jubilee.

And while we do adore
God's name for mercies past,
We'll trust Almighty power,
To aid us to the last,—
Till this his church translated be
To join the heavenly Jubilee,



The Church-going Bell.

LORD'S DAY, OCTOBER 24TH, 1847.

How delightful to hear the glad sound,
The sound of the church-going bell,
While inviting the people around
To come where the Saviour doth dwell.

On the rising of each sabbath morn,
When other sounds din not the ear,
This sound, on the light zephyrs borne,
Then comes the lorn spirit to cheer.

It speaks of a holier day,
A day not of toil, but of rest;

When the pilgrim, fatigued on his way,
 May get his faint spirit refresh'd.

It bids him repair to the place,—
 The temple most hallow'd and blest,
 By all that is good ; by Jesus' grace,
 Which suits a poor sinner the best.

'Tis pleasant and lovely to see
 Each tribe as they thither repair ;
 While the old and the young do agree
 To meet and to worship God there.

And now in God's house they are found,
 Intent on his blessing to seek ;
 For here as on holier ground,
 He has promis'd to comfort the meek.

Anon the good man does ascend
 The desk with a dignified grace ;
 While all strict attention do lend,
 As they gaze on his heav'nly face.

Their pray'rs with the pastor's do join,
 And ascend to the Father above ;
 Whose merciful ear doth incline,
 To bless with his pardoning love.

Forthwith the loud organ is strung,
 And pours forth melodious lays ;

While the voices of all the vast throng,
Do blend in harmonious praise.

In the praise of the Father and Son,
And also the Spirit Divine ;
Three persons united in One,
In which all the Godhead doth join.

The Gospel they gladly do hear,
And meekly its truths do receive ;
And while they are warn'd God to fear,
They are woo'd on his Son to believe.

To believe on the Saviour of men,
Who died for their sins to atone ;
And who also hath risen again
To His mediatorial throne.

And now at the Father's right hand,
Their cause He for ever doth plead ;
That all of that glorious band
May conquer, and reign with their Head.

Thus each one from strength unto strength,
Goes on in the heavenly road,
Till all the redeemed at length,
Arrive at the palace of God.



Lines

TO MY BROTHER-IN-LAW ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH
MY YOUNGEST SISTER, NOV. 1ST, 1847.

DEAR Tom, I trust you'll not forget
What I now write as true ;
It is respecting sister Let,*
Who was with us a little pet,
As now she is with you.

I write to give you good advice,
To use her kind and well ;
That as she now is free from vice,
So she may still be good and wise
While she with you does dwell.

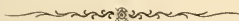
Too soon she lost a mother's love,
Likewise that mother's care,
For she was call'd to heaven above ;
Yet while she liv'd, the little dove
Did her affection share.

But though she did so little know
Of this her mother dear,
Still she was car'd for here below
By father and by brothers too,
And sisters ever near.

* Letitia.

They look'd upon this tender plant
 With anxious care and thought,
 And nurs'd it well, nor did it want
 Aught it did need, or they could grant,
 Till to perfection brought.

And now that rose so fully blown,
 To you, dear Tom, is given ;
 See to it, then, that ne'er a frown
 Does dim the smile that sits upon
 A face so bland, that every one
 Might love it under heaven.



Written for a Young Lady's Album.

FRANCES, my muse I would invite,
 To aid me while I try to write
 Some lines to thee, yet how I may
 Accomplish this, I dare not say.

Yet, ne'ertheless, in woman's mould,
 So much of beauty we behold,
 As should at once the bard inspire,
 To tune again his unstrung lyre.

The while we look upon her face,
 We see such traits of loveliness,

As does enchant our ravish'd eyes,
And wake our kindest sympathies.

Her sparkling eyes with lustre shine,
Like pearly gems from ocean's mine ;
Her cheeks do with the lily vie,
Her lips do show the crimson dye.

What dove-like innocence is seen,
And gentleness in all her mien ;
While elegance and grace combine,
In perfect harmony to join.

Admiring thus that figure fair,
Our hearts incline to linger there ;
Still to enjoy the pleasing sight
Until transported with delight.

But when with beauty we do find
The graces which adorn the mind,
Oh how delightful thus to trace
That mind thus index'd in the face !

And such thou art, as I opine
That wit and sprightliness are thine,
And that thy mind is rich in store
Of useful and of pleasing lore.

Thus may it be in future days
Thy lot to earn some meed of praise—

Not only for thy blooming youth,
But for thy virtue and thy truth.

For youth and beauty both do fade,
And soon in silence they are laid ;
But truth and virtue never die ;
They live through all eternity.



LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM HOBBIT,
AND PATRICK REIDE, WHO WERE KILLED BY A LARGE
STONE FALLING OFF THE VIADUCT, AT DEWSBURY,
UPON THEM, JUNE 5TH, 1848.

ALAS ! dear friends, and are you gone,
So soon from us away ?
Both in the high meridian noon
Of life's uncertain day.

Alas ! how little it was thought,
When you from home did go,
That to those homes you would be brought,
But not those homes to know !

The morn was fine, the sun did smile,
As it was wont before ;
But little did you think the while,
You ne'er would see it more.

You started on that luckless day.
 As you had often done,
 Upon some bus'ness which did lay,
 In Dewsbury's little town.

In converse sweet, you happy men,
 Your onward way did wend,
 But little were you dreaming then
 How soon 't would have an end!

You to the viaduct drew near,
 When, from its lofty height,
 A stone did drop upon you there,
 Of great and pond'rous weight!

You sank beneath the massive block
 Down on that fatal spot;
 A sight the stoutest heart to shock!
 Which ne'er will be forgot!

Forthwith the news spread far and wide
 About the sad event;
 And people flock'd from every side
 To view the accident.

'Twas much too true what they had heard,
 (If aught can be too true;)
 For when the friends of each appear'd
 They scarce the corpses knew.

The bodies now were mov'd away
 Unto a neighb'ring Inn,

To await the Jury, where they lay
Till th' verdict was brought in.

This business o'er, they were remov'd
Each to his once dear home,
To be again 'mongst those they lov'd
Before their awful doom.

And now the friends of each drew near
Their last respects to pay,
And to accompany each bier
Along its dreary way.

Anon the funerals do join
Together on the way ;
And in procession grave combine
On that momentous day.

Th' United Brethren were there,
To which they did belong ;
Likewise the workmen did appear,
Whom they had wrought among.

Besides, was heard on all the way,
The trumpet's solemn blast ;
Reminding us of that great day,
The day of all, the last.

And thus did that vast concourse go,
With footsteps soft and slow ;
A grand, but yet a solemn show,
To lay their bodies low.

Now side by side their bodies rest,
 As near as they can be ;
 And we do trust their spirits blest
 In heaven each other see.



Hymn

MARCH 5TH, 1852.

O Lord of all, whose lofty seat
 Is high as heaven's eternal throne,
 Where rob'd in majesty and state,
 Thou mak'st Thy power and goodness known.

There in Thy courts, a numerous band
 Of Cherubim attendant wait ;
 Ready to fly at Thy command,
 Through all Thy empire vast and great.

Bright seraphim thy throne surround,
 And tune their harps to sing thy praise ;
 Then, pouring forth melodious sound
 An anthem to heaven's King they raise.

And saints in heaven the anthem swell
 In honour of the Triune God ;
 Whose souls, redeem'd from death and hell,
 Were wash'd and cleans'd in Jesus' blood.

We, too, on earth, thy praise would sing,
 Although in humble strains it be ;
 Till Thou our souls to glory bring,
 To praise Thee through eternity.



LINES TO MY MUSE.

JANUARY, 1849.

THE muse I wed,
 From me has fled,
 Or much I fear me she is dead ;
 For 'tis a year
 Since she was here,
 Which does to me long time appear.

Yet should she live,
 And will but give,
 A letter which I may receive,
 I'll pay the post,
 Nor grudge the cost :
 Far better this, than she be lost.

Well, now, to me,
 'Tis come, you see,
 As plain as any A, B, C ;
 So pray attend,
 Attention lend,
 The while I read from end to end.

She says, "My dear,
 You'd think it queer,
 That I should stay away a year;
 But do not scold
 While I unfold
 The mystery which will soon be told.

When first we met,
 I don't forget,
 You promis'd I should be your pet;
 Full oft you strove,
 My soul to move
 By all the winning arts of love.

You woo'd me well
 In wood and dell,
 And by the brooks, as they could tell,
 Where on the wing
 The birds did sing
 Their welcome to the coming spring.

But now, alas!
 Ne'er on the grass
 Do we such pleasant moments pass:
 Nor are you found
 The whole year round
 Upon such soul-enchanting ground.

Now business quite
 Is your delight,
 For that you follow day and night;

But pray beware,
 And have a care,
 Lest you should get above your share.

For if you do,
 I'd have you know
 That it may prove to be your woe ;
 For oft 'tis so,
 That here below,
 It leaves men and they know not how.

Then do not cling
 To such a thing,
 As that which may at once take wing,
 And from you fly
 Towards the sky,
 Or in the depths of ocean lie.

But pray be wise,
 My counsel prize,
 For herein much of wisdom lies ;
 It would be vain
 A world to gain,
 If you should by that world be slain !

You'll see from this,
 The reason is,
 That you did treat your little Miss
 With much neglect,
 Nor could expect
 To keep me, when you once reflect.

Yet still I own
 Though from you flown,
 I have no wish to live alone ;
 But let me say,
 While yet I may,
 That here I am, and here I'll stay.

So now, my dear,
 You must come here,
 If we two e'er as one appear ;
 For I declare
 I cannot bear,
 The world, with me, your heart to share.

You know right well
 Where I do dwell,
 'Tis in a nice sequester'd dell,
 Close by a rill
 Which murmurs till
 It would your soul with pleasure fill.

In arbours fine
 I do recline,
 On couches made of eglantine,
 While violets sweet
 Grow at my feet,
 For here the choicest flowers do meet.

Then do but come
 To this, my home,
 Nor will you wish again to roam ;

For bliss is here,
Or else, 'tis clear,
You may not find it anywhere.



Hymn

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL, MARCH 28TH, 1850.

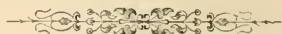
AUTHOR of life, to Thee we come,
And bow ourselves before thy throne ;
But how shall sinful creatures dare
To approach the Great Eternal One ?

We would not come in our own name,
Nor in the strength of man, O Lord,
For that is less than nothingness,
And this no help could us afford.

Nor would we come in garments made
Of shreds of our own righteousness ;
For that would be but filthy rags,
And only show our nakedness.

Then, Lord, what can poor sinners do,
Who nothing have to bring to Thee ?
We come according to Thy word,
And urge the sinner's only plea.

“ Jesus, who did our ransom pay,
 And bought us with his precious blood,
 By Him we come, He is the way,
 The only way that leads to God.



Hymn

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL, APRIL 1st, 1850.

FOUNTAIN of good ! from thee doth flow,
 In streams of mercy free,
 Each bounteous blessing we receive ;
 All come alike from Thee.

Thou gav'st us life when first we came
 Into this world below ;
 And still thou dost that life sustain
 In health and vigour too.

Thou giv'st us food from day to day,
 And raiment, from thy store ;
 And though we are unthankful, Lord,
 Thou still dost give us more.

Thou giv'st us friends so good and kind
 Who teach us wisdom's way ;
 They strive to train the infant mind
 To read, and think, and pray.

Thou gav'st Thy Son to die for us,
 An act of purest love,
 That we might have salvation here,
 And reign with thee above.

CHORUS.

We would, dear Lord, for these thy gifts
 So ample and so free,
 Now yield our hearts in gratitude,
 An off'ring unto Thee.



On the Old and New Year.

1850-51.

THE old year is ended, the new one is come ;
 Then let us rejoice every one in his home ;
 With relations and friends let us greet the good time,
 And welcome the new year, in every clime.

The old year is ended, and with it its care
 Is gone into lethe, and buried there,
 In the grave of oblivion, nor ever shall rise
 To dim for a moment the mind's sunny skies.

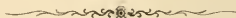
The old year is ended, then let us be glad,
 Because of the mercies which we all have had ;

For many and great they truly have been,
Or else the new year we should never have seen.

The old year has ended, to some it has been
A year of much good and profit, I ween;
It shall be remember'd in history's page
For fifty comes seldom in any man's age.

The old year has ended; but thanks to good trade,
For what it has done, and for all it has made
Both cheerful and happy in Britain's fair isle,
They'll welcome the new year with many a smile.

The old year is ended, the new one is come;
Then let us rejoice every one in his home;
With relations and friends let us greet the good time,
And welcome the new year, in every clime.



Hymn

SUNG BY THE SUNDAY SCHOLARS OF THE METHODIST
NEW CONNEXION, AT THEIR ANNIVERSARY,
WHITSUNTIDE,
1851.

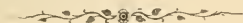
WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That we shall give ourselves to Thee?
When shall we from all sin depart,
And serve thee with a constant heart.

When shall we make wise Mary's choice,
 And listen to the Saviour's voice?
 When shall we sit beneath His feet,
 And catch His words so kind and sweet?

When shall we hearken to Thy law,
 And from it wise instruction draw?
 When shall the gospel of Thy grace,
 Have in our hearts a biding place?

When, Holy Lord, Thy truth divine
 Upon our darken'd minds shall shine,
 And chase away our guilt and shame
 By virtue of the Saviour's name?

Then shall we love Thee as we ought,
 In every act, and word, and thought;
 Till life's brief path by us is trod,
 And we are all brought home to God.



Hymn

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL, MARCH 8TH, 1852.

Hail, everlasting Lord!
 Hail, universal King!
 Thy fame with one accord
 We now in praises sing,
 And laud and bless Thy glorious name
 To endless ages still the same,

In Thee alone we are,
 And all from Thee derive ;
 And 'tis Thy guardian care
 Has kept us still alive ;—
 Has spar'd us all to see this day,
 Walking in wisdom's pleasant way.

We bless Thee for our friends ;
 For their untiring zeal,
 Whose goodness never ends
 In lab'ring for our weal ;
 Who still to us their kindness prove
 By gracious acts of purest love.

For each, and all of these
 Who render us their aid,
 Our prayers shall never cease ;
 For them we still will plead
 That Thou would'st grant them much increase
 In all the fruits of joy and peace.

Then when on earth below
 We all our race have run,
 May we no sorrow know
 But, like the summer's sun,
 Set in a calm and glorious sky,
 Only to rise and shine on high.



Hymn

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL, MARCH 8TH, 1852.

THOU great eternal King,
Who reign'st enthron'd above,
And rul'st the nations with a nod,
In vengeance, or in love :

No other Gods are there
Which can our wants supply,
But Thou wilt ever hear our prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

We therefore come to Thee,
And supplicate Thy throne,
Trusting for grace and clemency
Through Thy beloved Son.

No merit, Lord, have we,
Or righteousness to plead ;
But Jesus stands before Thy throne
For us to intercede.

We children seek Thy grace,
And seek to be forgiven ;
That when we die, our dwelling-place
May be with Thee in heaven.

Hymn

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL, MARCH 13TH, 1853.

ALMIGHTY Lord, all-glorious King,
Thy praise we now invite to sing,
In hymns of gratitude and joy,
We would our hearts and tongues employ.

Thou art our Maker, and from thee
Our blessings flow unceasingly ;
Our wants thou dost supply, and give
Each day the food by which we live.

And when by sin and death undone,
Thou then didst give Thy only Son
To be our ransom, and to bring
Us back to Thee, our Heav'nly King.

Thy Word we're taught from day to day,
That we may learn to read and pray,
And thus be guided in the road
Which leads to glory and to God.

Thy Holy Spirit Thou dost pour
On us, but like a teeming shower
Let it descend, that this may be
A Pentecostal Jubilee,

Hymn

FOR A SUNDAY SCHOOL, MARCH 13TH, 1853.

O Lord of all, to Thee we come,
 And at Thy footstool bend,
 Beseeching Thee, while now we call,
 A gracious ear to lend.

Thou know'st by nature we are born
 In sin and misery ;
 And, by our oft repeated crimes,
 Have often grieved Thee.

But, Lord, to whom, save thee alone,
 Shall we our sins confess ?
 Thou only canst our nature change
 By thine Almighty grace.

'Tis Thine to shine into the mind,
 And give us light to see
 The beauty of religion's ways,—
 Of early piety.

We therefore come in Jesu's name,
 And sue to be forgiven
 Through Him, who taught us babes to pray,
 To Thee who art in heaven.

Hymn for a Sunday School.

GREAT God! the heavens Thy glory tell,
 The earth Thy power displays;
 And all things show that Thou art great
 And good in all Thy ways.

At first Thou spak'st, and this fair world
 Did into being rise,
 At which the sons of God did raise
 An anthem in the skies.

All Nature's works thy power confess,
 Thy Providence and grace;
 And blend in one harmonious song,
 Of gratitude and praise.

The mountains at Thy presence skip,
 The little hills rejoice,
 And clap their hands, as though it were
 With a glad heart and voice.

The cattle on a thousand hills,
 The birds that fly the air,
 The fish that plough the mighty deep,—
 All, all Thy bounty share.

But man, the noblest of Thy works,
 On earth shall magnify
 Thy name; for him Thou hast prepar'd
 A fairer world on high.

Response to the Request of a Friend.

DEAR Friend, you ask that I should take
My harp from off the willow tree,
And once again the muse awake,
To notes of thrilling melody.

2.

Obedient to the call, I string
Anew the long-neglected lyre,
And sweep the chords, the while they bring
Forth sounds which shall my soul inspire.

3.

With kindred feelings to her own—
Feelings of kindest sympathy,—
Until our hearts are knit in one,
In bonds of love and amity.

4.

Then nought again these hearts shall part,
When once they are so closely tied :
I'll ne'er more cause that heart to smart,
But treat her as my own lov'd bride.

5.

We'll range the fields and woods again,
As we were wont in by-gone days ;
And listen, as from copse and glen,
Thence issues forth the hymn of praise.

6.

The skylark from his grassy bed,
Uprising soareth to mid-air;
With body pois'd, and pinions spread,
And warbles forth his praises there.

7.

And oh, how charming is the song,
That does this minstrel's powers employ,—
Which, while he does his notes prolong,
Fills every listener's soul with joy.

8.

We'll hearken to the cooing dove,
Well pleased to hear its plaintive lay,
While calling back her absent love,
Lest he might go too far away.

9.

The cuckoo's welcome voice we hear,
And 'tis right gladdening;
For when this shy bird doth appear,
Then is the time of spring.

10.

And when these sunny days are o'er,
She too will go away
To other lands, and we no more
Shall hear her simple lay.

11.

We'll cull the flowers from every hill,
And all their fragrant scents inhale ;
Then drink ambrosia from the rill,
Which murmurs in its own loved vale.

12.

Of Nature's varied works and ways,
We'll still converse, admiring all
The wonders of this universe,
And prostrate at God's footstool fall.

13.

Thus shall our happy lives be spent,
While in this glorious world we stay ;
No more shall we be discontent,
No more shall fritter life away.

14.

There's beauty, and there's goodness too,
In this our world, if we but look,—
The one comes but from virtue's tree,
The other's found in nature's book.



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